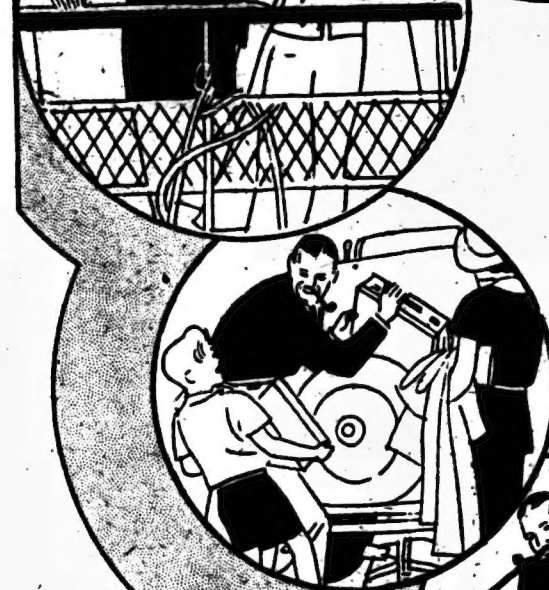


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AMAZING BOOK for EVERY READER (SEE CENTRE PAGES)

# JOHN BULL



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COCHRAN & Sons help you to make money.  
Turkish Towels, 3/11 doz. Ladies' Art Silk  
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big cash prizes, and free gift for every agent.  
All well-known Concc., Jewellery, Fancy Goods,  
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100 pages of beautiful illustrations, mostly in gor-  
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gifts, prizes, Chocs., Cigs., Fancy Goods.—  
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**EATONIAN Xmas Club** again leads for value,  
variety, service and highest possible commission.  
Chocolates, Cigarettes, Fancy Goods, Toys, etc.  
Free Gift every agent. Huge Cash Prize. Send  
P.C. for 200-page Art Catalogue. No outlay.—  
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**GOOD COMMISSION**—Chocolates, Fancy  
Goods. Agents wanted. Satisfying, huge selec-  
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STRATED CATALOGUES WILL SHOW YOU  
HOW TO MAKE MORE MONEY!** Send a post-  
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ing money without outlay. Highest Commis-  
sions Paid.—**G. A. WATSON, 137, ALBION ST.,  
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Comm. presents to every agent. Est. 30 years.  
Beautiful Art Catlg. free. **DIXON & CO., Dept.  
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**THOSE who have been or are Club Agents**  
will hear of something to their advantage by  
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Drapery, Fancy Goods, Toys, Handmade Free  
Gift Every Agent. Huge Catalogue. No outlay.  
—**A. Gould, Hartley Hill, Leeds.**

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H. Est. 25 yrs. THE NATION'S LARGEST Xmas  
Clubs. Special openings. FREE Cash Vouchers,  
Clubs, Cigarettes, Fancy and Household Goods,  
Toys, Personal Wear.—HANDSOME GIFT every  
Agent and Special CASH BONUS.—MIDLAND  
CONFECTIONERY (Dept. 11), Aqueduct Mills, Preston.**

**XMAS CLUBS.—GREATLY INCREASED  
COMMISSIONS.** Entire satisfaction guaranteed.  
Highest Commission all standard lines Choco-  
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**SPARE TIME AGENTS WANTED.** Big profits.  
No outlay. Art Catalogue. Free.—**NORVIO  
CHRISTMAS CLUB (Dept. 67), ILKESTON.**

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Agents wanted. Highest cash comm. Valuable  
Gifts and Cash Prizes. Write for Wonderful  
200-page coloured catalogue. Hedbrand, 17,  
Brearton, Bradford.

**WANTED, 3,000 agents** for Britain's best  
Xmas Club. Chocs., Xmas Novelties, Cigs.,  
Wearing Apparel, etc. Cat. free. Generous  
commission paid. Write. Magnet Confectionery  
Co., Ltd., 385, Corn Exchange Bldgs., Manchester.

**OAK CLUBS require LIVE AGENTS.** Chocs.,  
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Highest CASH com.—123b, Oak Lane, Bradford.

**PRIVATE XMAS CARDS.—THE FAMOUS  
"MISTLETOE" SERIES.** Agents wtd. (other  
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Good Commission. Grand Variety Chocs., Cigs.  
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free. No outlay. Good money earned.—Write,  
**EMPIRE SUPPLY CO., Dept. 36, Ardwick Green,  
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## BIG CASH FOR YOU!

Experience unnecessary  
No outlay—no risk.

Run a first-class  
XMAS CLUB

Free gifts to all agents and Big Money Com-  
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and start earning right away.—**Westminster  
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Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4.**

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Cigs., Everything. Beautiful Catlg. Highest CASH  
Comm. and Free Gifts. Satisfying. Free Gift  
every Enquirer.—**Embassy, Dept. 24, Brighthelm.**

Turn your Spare Time  
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"JOHN BULL" READERS  
GET THE FIRST CHANCE!

Here's a golden opportunity of earning **£5 to £25**  
(and more) in your spare time—without risk,  
without capital, deposit or spending a single  
penny! Couldn't you do with this extra sum  
of money at Xmas time?—then become a spare-  
time Agent of the old-established "Shield"  
Xmas Club, which is not only one of the largest,  
but the most enterprising. It offers such mar-  
vellous value in attractive up-to-the-moment  
goods of all descriptions, that an Agency is a  
veritable gold mine, entailing very little trouble!  
Your commission on sales is generous—making  
your spare time vastly profitable—but in addition  
"Shield" agents this year will get **FREE Gifts**  
of Gold Watches, Cases of Cutlery, Dinner Ser-  
vices, Vacuum Cleaners, etc., etc.

What an opportunity!—send off at once for  
fully illustrated 158 page Art Catalogue, showing  
your Chocolates, Fancy Goods, Toys, Cigarettes,  
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post free—but don't delay, and miss the **FREE**  
offer. Post your enquiry off now before you forget!

THE "SHIELD" XMAS CLUB  
(Dept. 26), BRADFORD

**AGENTS wtd.** Xmas Chocs. Cig. and Fancy  
Goods Club. Free gifts to agents. Wonderful  
assortment—leading makes only. Member of  
N.A.C.C.O. R. Miller, 4b, Edmund St., Bradford.

**FREE GIFT** every enquiry for Xmas Club  
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Also Cash Commission and Free Gifts. Art.  
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Happiness, Robin Hood Works, Brighouse, Yorks.

**XMAS CLUBS.**—Spare-time Agents wanted  
for Oldest, Largest and Best Club. Write for  
Giant Art. Catalogue and full particulars. No outlay.  
Excellent commission. Free Gift to all appli-  
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**"ROYAL" Xmas & Bargain Clubs** operate in  
all parts British Isles. Prompt delivery. Best  
terms, and we help YOU to increase customers.  
Xmas or Bargain Cat. (1,500 articles) sent Free.  
Send P.C. to "Royal" Clubs (Dept. N.), Church-  
bank, Bolton.

**MAKE RETAIL PROFITS** by a pleasant  
hobby. Form a "Worldwide" Christmas  
Club amongst your friends. Best makes  
of chocolates and sweets—many in useful  
and beautiful containers—tea, perfumes,  
smokers' needs. No outlay—no stock—  
a pleasure to you and your friends. Send  
P.C. to-day for large coloured Catalogue.  
FREE.—Dept. J. Worldwide Wholesale  
Warehouses, Charles St., Manchester, 1.  
(Branch of J. D. Williams & Co., Ltd.).

**25/- TO THE £ VALUE.**—Agents wanted for  
the Great Advance. Finest Christmas Club  
Catalogue ever published now ready. Best  
Values. Highest Commissions. Bonus Gift  
Scheme. Earn blazer money this year. Write  
now for Catalogue and complete Outfit to Ad-  
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Bradford.

FREE!  
TO AGENTS

Early applicants for  
Shield Agencies will  
have the opportunity of  
obtaining a fine quality  
Lady's or Gent's light-  
weight mackintosh—  
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**10/6** FREE  
OF COST

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**£5  
TO  
£25  
YOURS!**  
NO COSTS  
No Risk—No Outlay  
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lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening Free Em-  
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**IMMEDIATE EMPLOYMENT** offered in the  
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Free food, clothing, housing. Plenty of sport.  
Holidays on full pay.—Apply any Recruiting  
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branches of the Service (either sex—aged 18  
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trance Exam. from B.T.I. (Dept. 361), 29, Ox-  
ford St., W.1.

**MAKE MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME.**  
Run a first-class Xmas Club among your  
friends. No outlay, no risk. Easily done without  
experience. Send for Complete Outfit and start  
earning right away.—**Westminster National  
Supplies, Ltd., 44, Old Swan Lane, Upper  
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Standard, 1/10. Week. 3/6. Loans or small  
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**CHEAP PRINTING.**—1,000 Billboards from 3/6.  
Handbills, Cards, Posters. Specially at Cheap.  
Sample free. Parsons's Church Rd., Portsmouth.

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Send for patterns post free.—**West Riding  
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**WOOL SALE.**—Sports 1d. oz. Fine 1 1/2d. Tread  
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1 1/2. 1/2. 1/2. 1/2. Samples free.—**SCOTIA  
WOOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. 71), Newcastle-on-Tyne.**

**A WONDERFUL new covering** for Lamp Floors,  
Ac. Lino like Tadelit, 6d. sq. ft. 15/-.. Send  
for free samples and parties to J. B. Andrews  
& Son, Wetherby Rd., Wetherby, W.6.

**FREE TO YOU!** Superb Writing Set (Lever  
filing Fountain Pen and Free-wheeling Pencil with  
eraser and lead refills, chased latest chromium  
effect), absolutely Free to all sending 1/- for 10  
"Longlife" Razor Blades, standard 3-hole type.  
British made. Enclose 4d. for post and packing.  
You will be delighted with this wonderful bar-  
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perfect shave. Send NOW, 1/4 to Wm. Fenn  
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**WELL-CUT PLANNED TROUSERS**, hard wear-  
ing. Belt loops, side straps, front cash pocket,  
extra wide, as new worn, only 8/- per pair. This  
is one of the bargains to be found in the "Shop  
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**WATCHCHAINS GIVEN AWAY** with a 3-day  
pattern Watch. Do not miss the offer made by  
Anglo-Aircraft Watch Distributors in their  
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**FREE.**—Fill in the coupon in the "MERKE-  
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patterns and parties of the Home model illus-  
trated, obtainable for a few shillings down and  
easy monthly payments.

## WIRELESS &amp; MUSICAL.

**GRAMOS.** Motors, Arms, Speakers, Horns,  
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List free.—**Gramophones, 120, Old St., Ldn., E.C.1.**

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44-page catalogue free. Terms.—**Raymond, J.B.  
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**TEA! TEA! TEA!** Cheapest House for Guar-  
anteed Pure Tea. Packed 1-lb., 4-lb., and  
1-lb. Pouches. Write for Price List and Samples.  
**PORTWAY TEA CO., 12, Portway, London, E.15.**

**EMPIRE TEA.**—High quality, low prices.  
Packed or loose. Write for samples and prices.  
**EMPIRE TEA CO., 215, Belsize Rd., London, E.7.**

## MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

**WORMS CURED.**—Artisan Brand Worm Tablets  
are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent cure.  
They cure most violent cases by calmly removing  
the very cause of the worm's existence. No  
fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily  
habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1/4d.  
stamp for Free Pamphlet.—**Slipway Tablet Co.,  
24-26, Osnott, Derby.**

**HOW TO STOP SMOKING.**—Genuine Remedy,  
proved by testimonials.—**Write, The Stanley  
Institute (N.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.**

**BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble, etc.**  
cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3. 2/- Boots,  
etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool, Spl. 2d.

**FILES** relieved instantly by the wonderful  
Benson Treatment. No dieting, no medicine, nor  
opiates. Send 1/4d. for Free Booklet  
on this remarkable discovery.—**Benson Labora-  
tories, 1, Ramden Road, London, E.W.12.**

**DIGESTIVE TROUBLES.** Substitute ordinary  
food for a while by "Albenbury" Diet. Send  
3d. stamps for 1 lb. trial sample. Allen & Han-  
bury, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.2), 27, Lombard Street,  
London, E.C.3.

**RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT** is a sure and  
quick way of banishing all head aches. At the  
same time it adds lustre to the hair and im-  
proves its growth. Thousands of families have  
proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years.  
Sold in boxes, 4d. and 6d. from all good  
Chemists or by post, 3/4d. and 6d.  
**RANKIN & CO., DEPT. "G," KILMARNOCK,  
SCOTLAND.**

**CARLINE.**  
The new and most successful remedy for  
FILES. Does not contain opium or any  
other dangerous drug. Full-strength Tube with  
special applicator 3/6, sent free.—**CARLINE  
CHEMICAL CO., 1, Welling, LARKER, N.B.**

**WRITE** for interesting free booklet explaining  
the beneficial action of **PHILLIPS' PURE LIVE  
YEAST.** For indigestion, Nervous Depression,  
Dyspepsia, Insomnia and Headaches. Phillips'  
Yeast works wonders. Address: **Phillips' Yeast  
Products, Ltd. (Dept. 48), Park Royal Road,  
London, N.W.10. (See p. 14).**

**YOU** can secure a cash sum for any selected  
period by a plan of simple payments. For full  
particulars, simply fill in the coupon on the Front  
Cover.

**FREE.**—Fennings' "Every Mother's Book" and  
"Everyday's Doctor." See p. 34. Write to  
Fennings, Cowes, I.W. Mention John Bull.

## WANTED TO PURCHASE.

**BEST PRICES** paid for Jewellery, Diamonds,  
Platinum, Old Gold and Silver Antiques, Dental  
Fastes (not Vulcanite). Valuable property, etc.  
Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.  
**Bentley & Co., 66, New Bond St., London, W.1.**

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**ANY kind of Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Dia-  
monds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap** bought.  
Highest cash per return.—**Bell's Headrow, Leeds.**

**FREE.**—To introduce **VIRGIN GOLD TOBACCO**  
a 25-guinea FIVE model Super-Met. Radio is  
offered free for the snappiest alternative last  
line to the rhyme appearing in the advt. on  
p. 14. Turn to this now, while you think of it.

## R U

The pads used on m...

with press into f...

joining, instead of

Mr. Blunden can fit  
All Elastic Suspenders  
and Sock Ties of all  
Trades any model for  
Knickles often allow  
now or call for part...

**BATH  
BLUNDER**  
(Dept. 328),  
Manchester

cutting of  
Thousands  
at cut  
Paid. A  
LAMP, A  
A REFI  
SEND  
FOR

**THOR**

Sent carriage p  
to bolt together  
Planned framing  
workshops, etc.  
Balance month  
Long. Wide.  
6ft. 4ft.  
8ft. 6ft.  
10ft. 7ft.  
Carr. paid. Se  
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J. THORN &

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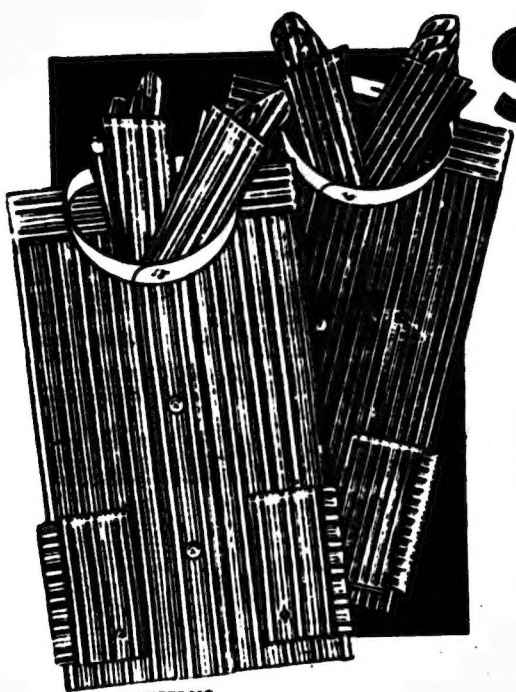
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When we make this announcement, names that appear on our lists of applications for articles since any of our offers began **WILL BE GIVEN EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGE AND PREFERENCE**, so it will pay you to keep on smoking 'CLUBS', and to send in for the above offers NOW and get your name on our list.

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# JOHN BULL

THURSDAY  
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## OUTLAW WIVES: Scandalous Betrayal

**W**OMEN are on the warpath again—two and a half millions of them. The other day six of them, chosen representatives of more than forty women's organisations, pursued a Cabinet Minister, Mr. J. H. Thomas, through a hotel in the West End of London, and drove him into dodging in and out of side doors.

Next day they tackled the Prime Minister himself on his way to a Londonderry House banquet, buttonholing him on the steps in so determined a manner that he had to be borne within that august portico by a phalanx of policemen.

Later in the week came another episode reminiscent of the wildest days of the suffragette agitation before the war.

Sir John Simon, who had refused to receive a women's deputation at the Foreign Office during the day, was surrounded by the leaders as he left his house to dine at the German Embassy.

Blandly endeavouring to ignore their existence, he made his way to his car. As it began to move one of the women threw herself across the car's bonnet. Only a prompt and rather forceful handling by the police saved her, perhaps, from sharing the fate of the suffragette who threw herself in front of a horse during a pre-war Derby and was killed. Horses then, cars now—but the tactics are the same.

The cause, however, is different.

**A** GENERATION ago women used these militant tactics to extract the entirely new privilege of entering a polling booth and recording a vote.

To-day they are using them to regain a privilege which they lost sixty years ago—the right of every British-born woman to retain her nationality and all her liberties and protection as a British subject—just as long as she chooses.

JOHN BULL has little sympathy with militant methods, whoever uses them. But we must say we have every sympathy with the cause of these new agitators. Indeed, we have been foremost for a long while in calling attention to their grievances.

Only a few months ago we published an article on the grave hardships and abominable injustices inflicted on British women whose only crime is that they have married foreigners.

Under the present law they automatically cease to be British. If they live abroad they can claim no protection from Britain. At home they are treated as aliens.

We instanced cases where, worse still, the law

### Without Fear or Favour

of the husband's country will not accept them as nationals, so that they become women *without a country*, losing every legal right and denied even the bare protection of a passport.

Ten years ago a group of women's organisations drafted a Bill to end this scandal, a Bill which simply gave every Englishwoman the same right as every Englishman—the right to remain a British subject as long as she wished.

That Bill, in more or less the same form, has since been introduced into the House of Commons no fewer than seven times. It has reached a second reading five times. And on each occasion it has been carefully stifled by the Government.

All the more surprising, since two years ago the British delegate at the League of Nations Assembly gave all these women who have fought for this Bill new hope. "The British Government," he said, "considers it right that all disabilities of married women in matters of nationality should be removed, and that, in so far as nationality is concerned, a married woman should be in the same position as a man—married or unmarried—or any single woman."

A few weeks ago the Government went completely back on that statement, betraying what virtually amounted to a promise, and destroying the hope of thousands of British women of once again becoming subjects of the land of their birth.

A Bill was introduced by the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords which merely ratifies certain articles of the Hague Convention on the subject, and while appearing to make concessions in reality does no such thing.

Last week Sir John Sandeman Allen reintroduced the oft-rejected Women's Bill in the House of Commons under the ten-minute rule. It em-

bodies all the points they want and have struggled for for ten years.

There can be no two minds about the futility of Lord Sankey's Bill. True, one of its clauses says a woman marrying a foreigner does not cease to be a British subject "unless by reason of the marriage she acquires the nationality of her husband."

But in scores of cases she *must* acquire the nationality of her husband—if she marries a German, for example, or an Italian. In that event, presumably, Lord Sankey can do nothing for her. She just ceases to be British. She has "acquired the nationality of her husband."

Meanwhile, examples multiply of the iniquitous scandals and hardships of the present law.

**W**E have a case before us of an Englishwoman living in this country who married an American four years ago. He deserted her when their baby was born. For three years she has struggled on in the direst poverty, going out to work to support herself and the child.

A year ago, her father died and left her £3,000 and a farm. Yet she cannot touch a penny of it until she can get her husband to countersign her claim. That is the American law, and in the eyes of those who have to administer her father's estate she is an American subject.

There are many other cases just as tragic.

Our present law dates back to the dark days when a woman was counted as her husband's chattel—with neither rights nor liberties of her own.

Yet Lord Sankey's Bill, which will perpetuate these injustices, comes before the House of Lords this week, backed with all the authority of the Government, for its second reading.

We say it must never be allowed to pass into law.



Britannia disowns her countrywoman, whose only "crime" is that she has married a foreigner



JOHN BULL  
STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER .

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So do we—and so do thousands of decent, honest employers.

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Good employers have everything to gain and nothing to lose by such publicity. They are the victims of the cut-throat competition of the minority who grossly underpay their workers.  
Yet, though bad employers are in a minority, Mr. Johnstone does not exaggerate when he says the number of persons inadequately paid runs into millions.

## Starvation wages

We can tell him a lot about starvation wages.

We know that Sheffield men in the cutlery trade get as little as 28s. for a full week's work, and women only 17s.

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## Temptation

Is it surprising that some of these abominably underpaid people are tempted into crime? The only surprising thing is that the great majority remain honest.

Consider the sub-postmasters who handle money all day. Many of them get only 10s. a week! Even in a great city like Manchester sub-postmasters receive only £2—and out of that they must pay office rent and the wages of an assistant.

## Where's the joke?

These are only a few examples, but they show how widespread is the scandal Mr. Johnstone wants to end.

His Bill deserves to succeed, but we fear there are too many M.P.s who will treat it as an extravagant novelty. Indeed, one of them described it as a "bad joke." He was wrong—he himself is the bad joke.

## Our mock-merry M.P.s

We see, too, that M.P.s laughed uproariously during the grim account of the assassination of Dr. Arlosoroff, a prominent Zionist, in Palestine.

Why? Because the Government Whip who made the statement on behalf of an absent Minister stumbled over the names of the victim and the arrested suspect.

What a joke! And what a revelation of the mentality of some M.P.s!

## Blaming the weather

Another joke seems to have been made by the Under-Secretary of Scotland.

The number of deaths of Scottish mothers and babies is increasing. But the Under-Secretary thinks that this high mortality rate is due to the climate!

Let us remind him that the Scottish slums are the worst in Europe, that they are increasing year by year, and that practically nothing is being done to clear them.

## Quick work

Here are two more jokes for M.P.s. "We have no slums," replied Amersham (Bucks) Council to the Government circular advocating slum clear-

# Jail the Short-Weight Cheats! Sharp Lesson for Gunmen



Mr. Harcourt Johnstone would black-list the slave-wage employers. So would we

ance. A similar reply was sent by Wallington, Surrey.

So now the Ministry of Health will be able to announce that already in two areas slums have been completely swept away.

## Not so quick

Then, after waiting seven years, a London man who applied to the Wandsworth Council for a council house has just had his application granted.

But since making the application his wife has died, his family have married, and he is now living alone and drawing the old-age pension.

So now somebody will be able to say that houses are being offered to people who don't want them.

## Nothing doing!

But there's precious little joke about the Government's rejection of Mr. Ernest Bevin's scheme to provide two million men with jobs.

We explained this scheme a few weeks ago, and pointed out that its cost would be largely offset by the amount it would save in unemployment benefit.

Since the Government has turned it down, we expect it to bring forward a better scheme of its own. It must not simply say "No" and go on doing nothing.

## Iron hand for gunmen

No doubt some of the authorities responsible for maintaining law and order went on saying "No" and doing nothing when, over a year ago, we published a remarkable series of articles warning the country that the American gunmen were coming here.

Well, they have come. Two of them appeared the other day before Mr. Justice Charles, who announced that armed robbery "must and shall be suppressed with an iron hand."

## What is wanted

It was good to hear that.

And the judge proceeded to sentence the two desperadoes before him to ten years' penal servitude and fifteen strokes of the cat for holding up and robbing a bank at Newcastle.

Yes, a few more ten-year sentences is what is wanted to discourage our bandits, and the Bill which the Home Secretary is bringing in to deal with these gunmen is another action we have long demanded.

## A baby's death

Another thing we want is a decrease in the number of hospital accidents. The latest occurred at Queen Mary's

Hospital, Carshalton, where a baby girl died from shock after being tied to the bed in a "restraining jacket" to prevent her falling.

The coroner rightly suggested that cots should be provided for young children so as to make the use of such jackets unnecessary. Of course they should.

But if the hospital authorities had any gumption this advice would be equally unnecessary—and a baby's life would have been spared.

## The very limit

Then there is the case of an accident victim who was taken unconscious to Whipp's Cross Hospital, Essex.

There all his money was taken from his pockets—some £7 10s.—to pay for his maintenance. Not only that, but even some handkerchiefs he had just bought were confiscated, and he has since received a bill for £25.

We agree that those who can should pay for their keep in hospital. But to take a man's every penny and confiscate his belongings is the very limit!

## Who was to blame?

But the limit in slackness seems to have been reached by the officials of Bournemouth Corporation Baths.

A man who took a sea-water bath there was found dead and badly scalded. The time limit for a bath is half an hour, yet it was four hours before the tragedy was discovered.

Why? And why was an inquest not held?

## Children don't matter

Let us pass to the old scandal of "pigsty schools."

The president of Denbigh National Union of Teachers has been talking about schools where rain pours through to the floors and which are almost as cold as Iceland in the winter.

He vouches for the fact that a Welsh school which was black-listed by the Board of Education for its deplorable sanitary arrangements has been removed from the black-list for reasons of economy.

## Stern refusal

And Bridlington has just been told that the Board won't allow—for the same reason—any enlarging of the school clinic and child welfare centre.

It seems to us that if the Army and Navy can wheedle more money out of the Treasury, so can the Board of Education. We can only presume that the Board doesn't want to.

## Sealed lips

Talking about schools, we were exasperated to read of the little Well-

borough boy whose lips were sealed by gummed paper because he talked in school.

Apparently the school managers have a craze for silence, since they have sealed their own lips and refuse to discuss the matter in public.

We should like to hear what doctors think of that infant's punishment. Anyway, the school officials concerned would be shocked if we said all we think about it.

## Why not jail?

We were equally exasperated to see that still more East London bakers have been defrauding poor people and getting away with it.

One who was fined for short weight in 1929 and twice cautioned since has been fined £10. Another who was cautioned last year has been fined £5 by the same court.

These latest cases make us wonder how far this despicable practice is general. They also make us repeat our demand that persistent offenders should be sent to jail.

## Odious comparison

Compare those wretched fines with the penalty imposed on a Huddersfield man for arrears of wife maintenance.

He should pay her £1 a week, but his income is only 18s., out of which he has obviously got to keep himself and pay for his lodgings. Yet because he cannot achieve the impossible he has been sent to jail for a month!

## Shirking their job

The Bridlington Bench is another curious assembly.

Before it appeared a man charged with assaulting a young girl. The charge was dismissed, but the Bench said he would be punished by all decent-minded people for his conduct.

We should like to know why, if the man deserved punishment, the magistrates didn't inflict it.

## An echo of war

Few men can have suffered so much in the cause of comradeship as James Roberts, of Sunderland.

Fifteen years ago, in the trenches of Flanders, he gave his gas mask to a friend whose mask was defective and was himself gassed. As a result, years of ill-health and forced inactivity followed, and he has just died from the slow effects of the poison.

Roberts had a fine war record and won the D.C.M. He will also have a fine epitaph—that of one who sacrificed his life to save a friend.

## The limit in meanness

By way of violent contrast, there is Mrs. Margaret Williams, whose husband is the well-paid keeper of Salford Town Hall.

She sank to the incredible meanness of stealing parcels sent to the town hall for the unemployed, and has just gone to jail for six weeks.

If anyone thinks that sentence too long, we hope he has a few words about it with an unemployed man.

## Shylock the second

But no one could accuse Moses Her-

man of having mean ideas!

He's a Belfast moneylender who charges on a grand scale. In a recent case it was admitted that he extorted interest on two loans at the rate of 300 per cent. a year! The interest on others came to a modest 150 or 200 per cent.

Someone ought to sing to him the negro spiritual, "Go down, Moses."

## Coincidence

The novelist, Mr. Edward Platt (Paul Trent), has complained to us that our article entitled "A Military Fraud" in the issue of May 13 last, criticising the activities of quite another individual, who is using the name of "Paul Trent," has been thought to refer to him.

We desire to state in the plainest possible manner that the article in no way refers to Mr. Edward Platt (Paul Trent), the novelist, and we regret any annoyance which he may have suffered through the coincidence of names.

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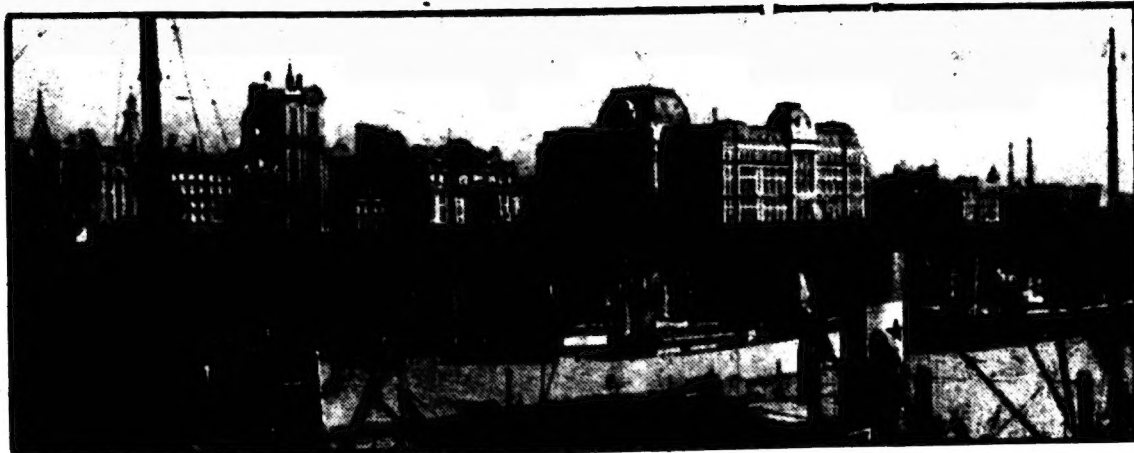
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# Traffic in GIRLS:



Buenos Aires: Mecca of the white slave traffickers

## Nations unite to stop it

by VISCOUNTESS  
GLADSTONE



Viscountess Gladstone

manner. When the League of Nations changed the name of the "White Slave Traffic" to "Traffic in Women and Children," it boldly announced that the problem was more than a European one, and in effect issued a challenge to the whole world.

The League was handicapped because so little was known about the actual conditions of this dark and secret traffic. So special investigators were appointed to find out the facts.

Between 1924 and 1926 they descended to the underworld of 112 cities in twenty-eight different countries in Europe, the Mediterranean and the Americas, passing themselves off as people concerned in the traffic.

They succeeded in persuading the traffickers themselves to talk freely. It is no exaggeration to say that, if the identity of these investigators had been discovered, their lives would not have been worth a moment's purchase.

Traffickers may be divided into four main classes—the principals who keep behind the scenes as much as possible; "Madames" controlling houses; *souteneurs* who live on the earnings of girls; and intermediaries who sometimes secure and transport girls from one place to another.

Extraordinarily efficient methods have been devised for keeping traffickers in one country in touch with their "opposite numbers" abroad. The principal routes of the traffic lie between Europe and Latin America, and also between Europe and Egypt and North America. It is the custom to take the victims by indirect routes so as to lessen the risks of detection.

Associates of the traffickers manufacture and supply false documents of every description—passports, visas, birth certificates, marriage certificates and official blank forms.

### Lure of the stage

VICTIMS are frequently enticed by bogus offers of marriage or employment; the lure of the stage and film acting is a weakness upon which these harpies trade. But these rosy prospects soon disappear when the victims find themselves thousands of miles away from home, at the mercy of their "employers" and surrounded by people whose language they cannot even understand.

The number of foreign women drawn into this kind of life is one of the most sinister features of the traffic. For example, in Brazil it is estimated that 90 per cent. of the women are foreigners, in Buenos Ayres 75 per cent., and in Mexico about 60 per cent.—the majority unable to speak Spanish.

The law of supply and demand affects the extent of the evil. Wherever a temporary market springs up, the traffickers gather like vultures seeking their prey.

Listen to the words of one *souteneur* in conversation with a League investigator: "I was in Panama last year while the Fleet was there, and took 4,000 dollars out of the city in a few months."

In 1925 the Gymnastic Fête in Switzerland provided a lucrative opportunity for the traffickers. They also take full advantage of the Tia Juana Races in Mexico, which attract 100,000 visitors a day.

Chinese girls brought from the East to San

Francisco can be sold for £400 or some such sum. One girl, sold for £900, emancipated herself by paying £2 15s. a day for four years out of her earnings.

Girls are known to reach Alexandria disguised in male clothing. On board ship they sometimes lie concealed in the bunkers, the officers conveniently turning a blind eye to this form of smuggling. In Portugal, girls of about fourteen years of age have been known to be placed in houses of ill-fame even by their parents, who share in their earnings.

The League's more recent enquiries in the Far East show that conditions there are fundamentally not different from those in other parts of the world. Wherever the evil exists, the licensed houses do more than any other factor to make the traffic possible.

Immigration helps to create a demand. For example, when Japanese settle in China or Chinese go to Malay, women of their own nationality are brought there for immoral purposes.

### Pathetic refugees

IN such places as Shanghai and Hong Kong, where there is a white population, British, American, Canadian and Australian women are imported. A French victim, whose contemptible husband lived upon her earnings, confessed to having paid him 25,000 francs, 200 piastres, and 100 dollars at different places.

Particularly sad is the plight of Russian women refugees, who, since the Revolution, have fled to Manchuria and Northern China. Many are to be found in low-down eating-houses where the title "waitress" is the flimsiest camouflage of the truth. The League's investigators speak of unfortunates "too weary and broken to protest."

It is to be hoped that these tragic revelations will add strength to the League's campaign for the abolition of licensed houses, and to make adequate the punishment for all *souteneurs*—those who live on the immoral earnings of women.

Thanks to the mobilisation of world opinion at Geneva, a distinct change of attitude towards control has taken place on the part of many Governments.

One of the most startling "clean-ups" took place in Cuba after the League investigations there.

The words of one *souteneur* to a League investigator prove that the traffickers realise that their days are numbered.

"It costs a lot to travel," declared this White Slave agent, "and one can get tripped easily now. The League of Nations is looking after that sort of thing. We all know what is going on."

Whilst it is true that much has been done by the League to lessen the traffic, it is also true that much remains to be done.

### Dark secrets exposed

LEGISLATION all over the world must be brought into line so that the punishment for traffickers may be sufficiently severe to act as a deterrent. It must no longer be legal to traffic in women of any age, whether they be consenting parties or not; and, finally, licensed houses in every country must be abolished.

It is painful to think that there exist human beings who have sunk so low that, for the sake of money, they will engage in this degraded traffic, growing rich on the shame and misery of their victims, whose bodies and souls they destroy without pity or compunction.

Thanks to the League of Nations, the facts now are known, and the dark secrets of the traffickers exposed. The conscience of the world has been stirred. No fewer than forty-four countries have ratified the International Convention for putting down the traffic.

ANOTHER important step forward has been taken in the fight against the abominable social evil popularly known as the White Slave Traffic.

The other day the Federation of League of Nations Societies, meeting in conference at Montreux, unanimously agreed to examine the laws in their respective countries with a view to making them effective for stamping out the traffic.

We may well be thankful that nowhere is there to be found anyone so brazen or so base as to defend this evil thing. Now that the light of day has been let in, every country is anxious to put its house in order, and public opinion all over the world is demanding that the traffic shall cease.

Occasionally newspapers devote a few lines to the mysterious disappearance of a woman or a girl. Possibly the unhappy victim has been decoyed or induced to leave home, in order to supply the needs of houses of ill-fame abroad. The rest of the story is usually shrouded in mystery.

Astounding revelations about the traffic, however, are to be found in the documents issued by the League of Nations. Those who judge official reports by the bald phraseology on the covers often miss intensely human stories within.

Now the world's store of information about the inner history of this evil has been increased by the new report on the Traffic in Women and Children in the East.

Only after the Great War was definite machinery established internationally for attacking the scourge in a complete and methodical



JOHN BULL  
STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER.

# Bad Employers We'd Put on the Black-list

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## Pillory them!

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Good employers have everything to gain and nothing to lose by such publicity. They are the victims of the cut-throat competition of the minority who grossly underpay their workers.  
Yet, though bad employers are in a minority, Mr. Johnstone does not exaggerate when he says the number of persons inadequately paid runs into millions.

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What a joke! And what a revelation of the mentality of some M.P.s!

## Blaming the weather

Another joke seems to have been made by the Under-Secretary of Scotland.

The number of deaths of Scottish mothers and babies is increasing. But the Under-Secretary thinks that this high mortality rate is due to the climate!

Let us remind him that the Scottish slums are the worst in Europe, that they are increasing year by year, and that practically nothing is being done to clear them.

## Quick work

Here are two more jokes for M.P.s. "We have no slums," replied Amersham (Bucks) Council to the Government circular advocating slum clear-

# Jail the Short-Weight Cheats! Sharp Lesson for Gunmen



Mr. Harcourt Johnstone would black-list the slave-wage employers. So would we

ance. A similar reply was sent by Wallington, Surrey.

So now the Ministry of Health will be able to announce that already in two areas slums have been completely swept away.

## Not so quick

Then, after waiting seven years, a London man who applied to the Wandsworth Council for a council house has just had his application granted.

But since making the application his wife has died, his family have married, and he is now living alone and drawing the old-age pension.

So now somebody will be able to say that houses are being offered to people who don't want them.

## Nothing doing!

But there's precious little joke about the Government's rejection of Mr. Ernest Bevin's scheme to provide two million men with jobs.

We explained this scheme a few weeks ago, and pointed out that its cost would be largely offset by the amount it would save in unemployment benefit.

Since the Government has turned it down, we expect it to bring forward a better scheme of its own. It must not simply say "No" and go on doing nothing.

## Iron hand for gunmen

No doubt some of the authorities responsible for maintaining law and order went on saying "No" and doing nothing when, over a year ago, we published a remarkable series of articles warning the country that the American gunmen were coming here.

Well, they have come. Two of them appeared the other day before Mr. Justice Charles, who announced that armed robbery "must and shall be suppressed with an iron hand."

## What is wanted

It was good to hear that. And the judge proceeded to sentence the two desperadoes before him to ten years' penal servitude and fifteen strokes of the cat for holding up and robbing a bank at Newcastle.

Yes, a few more ten-year sentences is what is wanted to discourage our bandits, and the Bill which the Home Secretary is bringing in to deal with these gunmen is another action we have long demanded.

## A baby's death

Another thing we want is a decrease in the number of hospital accidents.

The latest occurred at Queen Mary's

Hospital, Carshalton, where a baby girl died from shock after being tied to the bed in a "restraining jacket" to prevent her falling.

The coroner rightly suggested that cots should be provided for young children so as to make the use of such jackets unnecessary. Of course they should.

But if the hospital authorities had any gumption this advice would be equally unnecessary—and a baby's life would have been spared.

## The very limit

Then there is the case of an accident victim who was taken unconscious to Whipp's Cross Hospital, Essex.

There all his money was taken from his pockets—some £7 10s.—to pay for his maintenance. Not only that, but even some handkerchiefs he had just bought were confiscated, and he has since received a bill for £25.

We agree that those who can should pay for their keep in hospital. But to take a man's every penny and confiscate his belongings is the very limit!

## Who was to blame?

But the limit in slackness seems to have been reached by the officials of Bournemouth Corporation Baths.

A man who took a sea-water bath there was found dead and badly scalded. The time limit for a bath is half an hour, yet it was four hours before the tragedy was discovered.

Why? And why was an inquest not held?

## Children don't matter

Let us pass to the old scandal of "pigsty schools."

The president of Denbigh National Union of Teachers has been talking about schools where rain pours through to the floors and which are almost as cold as Iceland in the winter.

He vouches for the fact that a Welsh school which was black-listed by the Board of Education for its deplorable sanitary arrangements has been removed from the black-list for reasons of economy.

## Stern refusal

And Bridlington has just been told that the Board won't allow—for the same reason—any enlarging of the school clinic and child welfare centre. It seems to us that if the Army and Navy can wheedle more money out of the Treasury, so can the Board of Education. We can only presume that the Board doesn't want to.

## Sealed lips

Talking about schools, we were exasperated to read of the little Well-

borough boy whose lips were sealed by gummed paper because he talked in school.

Apparently the school managers have a craze for silence, since they have sealed their own lips and refuse to discuss the matter in public.

We should like to hear what doctors think of that infant's punishment. Anyway, the school officials concerned would be shocked if we said all we think about it.

## Why not jail?

We were equally exasperated to see that still more East London bakers have been defrauding poor people and getting away with it.

One who was fined for short weight in 1929 and twice cautioned since has been fined £10. Another who was cautioned last year has been fined £5 by the same court.

These latest cases make us wonder how far this despicable practice is general. They also make us repeat our demand that persistent offenders should be sent to jail.

## Odious comparison

Compare those wretched fines with the penalty imposed on a Huddersfield man for arrears of wife maintenance.

He should pay her £1 a week, but his income is only 18s., out of which he has obviously got to keep himself and pay for his lodgings. Yet because he cannot achieve the impossible he has been sent to jail for a month!

## Shirking their job

The Bridlington Bench is another curious assembly.

Before it appeared a man charged with assaulting a young girl. The charge was dismissed, but the Bench said he would be punished by all decent-minded people for his conduct.

We should like to know why, if the man deserved punishment, the magistrates didn't inflict it.

## An echo of war

Few men can have suffered so much in the cause of comradeship as James Roberts, of Sunderland.

Fifteen years ago, in the trenches of Flanders, he gave his gas mask to a friend whose mask was defective and was himself gassed. As a result, years of ill-health and forced inactivity followed, and he has just died from the slow effects of the poison.

Roberts had a fine war record and won the D.C.M. He will also have a fine epitaph—that of one who sacrificed his life to save a friend.

## The limit in meanness

By way of violent contrast, there is Mrs. Margaret Williams, whose husband is the well-paid keeper of Salford Town Hall.

She sank to the incredible meanness of stealing parcels sent to the town hall for the unemployed, and has just gone to jail for six weeks.

If anyone thinks that sentence too long, we hope he has a few words about it with an unemployed man.

## Shylock the second

But no one could accuse Moses Her-

man of having mean ideas!

He's a Belfast moneylender who charges on a grand scale. In a recent case it was admitted that he extorted interest on two loans at the rate of 300 per cent. a year! The interest on others came to a modest 150 or 200 per cent.

Someone ought to sing to him the negro spiritual, "Go down, Moses."

## Coincidence

The novelist, Mr. Edward Platt (Paul Trent), has complained to us that our article entitled "A Military Fraud" in the issue of May 13 last, criticising the activities of quite another individual, who is using the name of "Paul Trent," has been thought to refer to him.

We desire to state in the plainest possible manner that the article in no way refers to Mr. Edward Platt (Paul Trent), the novelist, and we regret any annoyance which he may have suffered through the coincidence of names.

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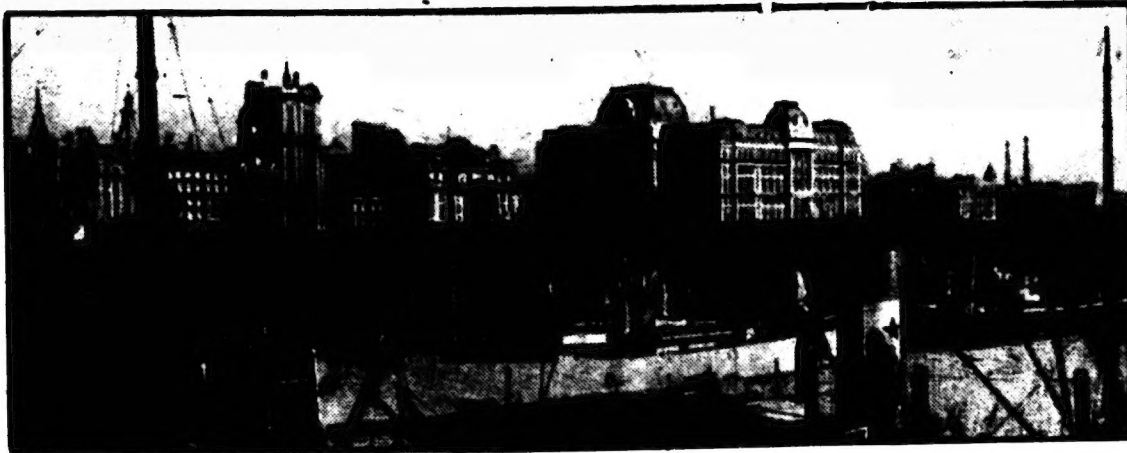
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# Traffic in GIRLS:



Buenos Aires: Mecca of the white slave traffickers

## Nations unite to stop it

by VISCOUNTESS  
GLADSTONE



Viscountess Gladstone

**A**NOTHER important step forward has been taken in the fight against the abominable social evil popularly known as the White Slave Traffic.

The other day the Federation of League of Nations Societies, meeting in conference at Montreux, unanimously agreed to examine the laws in their respective countries with a view to making them effective for stamping out the traffic.

We may well be thankful that nowhere is there to be found anyone so brazen or so base as to defend this evil thing. Now that the light of day has been let in, every country is anxious to put its house in order, and public opinion all over the world is demanding that the traffic shall cease.

Occasionally newspapers devote a few lines to the mysterious disappearance of a woman or a girl. Possibly the unhappy victim has been decoyed or induced to leave home, in order to supply the needs of houses of ill-fame abroad. The rest of the story is usually shrouded in mystery.

Astounding revelations about the traffic, however, are to be found in the documents issued by the League of Nations. Those who judge official reports by the bald phraseology on the covers often miss intensely human stories within.

Now the world's store of information about the inner history of this evil has been increased by the new report on the Traffic in Women and Children in the East.

Only after the Great War was definite machinery established internationally for attacking the scourge in a complete and methodical

manner. When the League of Nations changed the name of the "White Slave Traffic" to "Traffic in Women and Children," it boldly announced that the problem was more than a European one, and in effect issued a challenge to the whole world.

The League was handicapped because so little was known about the actual conditions of this dark and secret traffic. So special investigators were appointed to find out the facts.

Between 1924 and 1926 they descended to the underworld of 112 cities in twenty-eight different countries in Europe, the Mediterranean and the Americas, passing themselves off as people concerned in the traffic.

They succeeded in persuading the traffickers themselves to talk freely. It is no exaggeration to say that, if the identity of these investigators had been discovered, their lives would not have been worth a moment's purchase.

Traffickers may be divided into four main classes—the principals who keep behind the scenes as much as possible; "Madames" controlling houses; *souteneurs* who live on the earnings of girls; and intermediaries who sometimes secure and transport girls from one place to another.

Extraordinarily efficient methods have been devised for keeping traffickers in one country in touch with their "opposite numbers" abroad. The principal routes of the traffic lie between Europe and Latin America, and also between Europe and Egypt and North America. It is the custom to take the victims by indirect routes so as to lessen the risks of detection.

Associates of the traffickers manufacture and supply false documents of every description—passports, visas, birth certificates, marriage certificates and official blank forms.

### Lure of the stage

**V**ICTIMS are frequently enticed by bogus offers of marriage or employment; the lure of the stage and film acting is a weakness upon which these harpies trade. But these rosy prospects soon disappear when the victims find themselves thousands of miles away from home, at the mercy of their "employers" and surrounded by people whose language they cannot even understand.

The number of foreign women drawn into this kind of life is one of the most sinister features of the traffic. For example, in Brazil it is estimated that 90 per cent. of the women are foreigners, in Buenos Ayres 75 per cent., and in Mexico about 60 per cent.—the majority unable to speak Spanish.

The law of supply and demand affects the extent of the evil. Wherever a temporary market springs up, the traffickers gather like vultures seeking their prey.

Listen to the words of one *souteneur* in conversation with a League investigator: "I was in Panama last year while the Fleet was there, and took 4,000 dollars out of the city in a few months."

In 1925 the Gymnastic Fête in Switzerland provided a lucrative opportunity for the traffickers. They also take full advantage of the Tia Juana Races in Mexico, which attract 100,000 visitors a day.

Chinese girls brought from the East to San

Francisco can be sold for £400 or some such sum. One girl, sold for £900, emancipated herself by paying £2 15s. a day for four years out of her earnings.

Girls are known to reach Alexandria disguised in male clothing. On board ship they sometimes lie concealed in the bunkers, the officers conveniently turning a blind eye to this form of smuggling. In Portugal, girls of about fourteen years of age have been known to be placed in houses of ill-fame even by their parents, who share in their earnings.

The League's more recent enquiries in the Far East show that conditions there are fundamentally not different from those in other parts of the world. Wherever the evil exists, the licensed houses do more than any other factor to make the traffic possible.

Immigration helps to create a demand. For example, when Japanese settle in China or Chinese go to Malay, women of their own nationality are brought there for immoral purposes.

### Pathetic refugees

**I**N such places as Shanghai and Hong Kong, where there is a white population, British, American, Canadian and Australian women are imported. A French victim, whose contemptible husband lived upon her earnings, confessed to having paid him 25,000 francs, 200 piastres, and 100 dollars at different places.

Particularly sad is the plight of Russian women refugees, who, since the Revolution, have fled to Manchuria and Northern China. Many are to be found in low-down eating-houses where the title "waitress" is the flimsiest camouflage of the truth. The League's investigators speak of unfortunates "too weary and broken to protest."

It is to be hoped that these tragic revelations will add strength to the League's campaign for the abolition of licensed houses, and to make adequate the punishment for all *souteneurs*—those who live on the immoral earnings of women.

Thanks to the mobilisation of world opinion at Geneva, a distinct change of attitude towards control has taken place on the part of many Governments.

One of the most startling "clean-ups" took place in Cuba after the League investigations there.

The words of one *souteneur* to a League investigator prove that the traffickers realise that their days are numbered.

"It costs a lot to travel," declared this White Slave agent, "and one can get tripped easily now. The League of Nations is looking after that sort of thing. We all know what is going on."

Whilst it is true that much has been done by the League to lessen the traffic, it is also true that much remains to be done.

### Dark secrets exposed

**L**EGISLATION all over the world must be brought into line so that the punishment for traffickers may be sufficiently severe to act as a deterrent. It must no longer be legal to traffic in women of any age, whether they be consenting parties or not; and, finally, licensed houses in every country must be abolished.

It is painful to think that there exist human beings who have sunk so low that, for the sake of money, they will engage in this degraded traffic, growing rich on the shame and misery of their victims, whose bodies and souls they destroy without pity or compunction.

Thanks to the League of Nations, the facts now are known, and the dark secrets of the traffickers exposed. The conscience of the world has been stirred. No fewer than forty-four countries have ratified the International Convention for putting down the traffic.



# Confess Your Sins!

**"T**HIS House Party at Oxford is planned under the guidance of God, in the belief that it is part of His programme for a new society. Its special purpose is to train life-changers in the genius of team-work, and fit them for united action in world-changing..."

For years a strange religious movement has been spreading over Great Britain, reaching quietly through Europe, stretching itself almost imperceptibly but none the less surely around the Dominions, fastening on the Near East and the Far East.

It has its adherents in Balham and Bangkok, Accrington and Accra, Manchester and Melbourne, Peking and Plaistow, in Ottawa, Oslo and Ohio.

For a week it has been holding an "International House Party" at Oxford, convinced, as is declared in the announcement above, that it is "under the guidance of God."

It has hired Oriel and five other colleges, and the famous city has been descended upon by nearly 4,000 earnest men and women (most of them young) who have been overtaken by a flood of religious fervour all the more remarkable because it has lasted so long.

## Quietly, surely . .

This "International House Party" will go on for another week or ten days, and it represents something which has begun to affect every community in the world.

At any hour men and women are openly confessing their sins to one another. They may be doing it just a house or two or a street or two away from you. Certainly they are doing it within a mile or two.

Neither they nor the movement of which they are members go in for brass bands, for mass demonstrations, for advertising, for cleverly announced services. They have no regular meeting places, no churches, no halls, no "or-

## Our Great New Surprise

**T**HIS week, JOHN BULL reveals its wonderful surprise for every one of its readers.

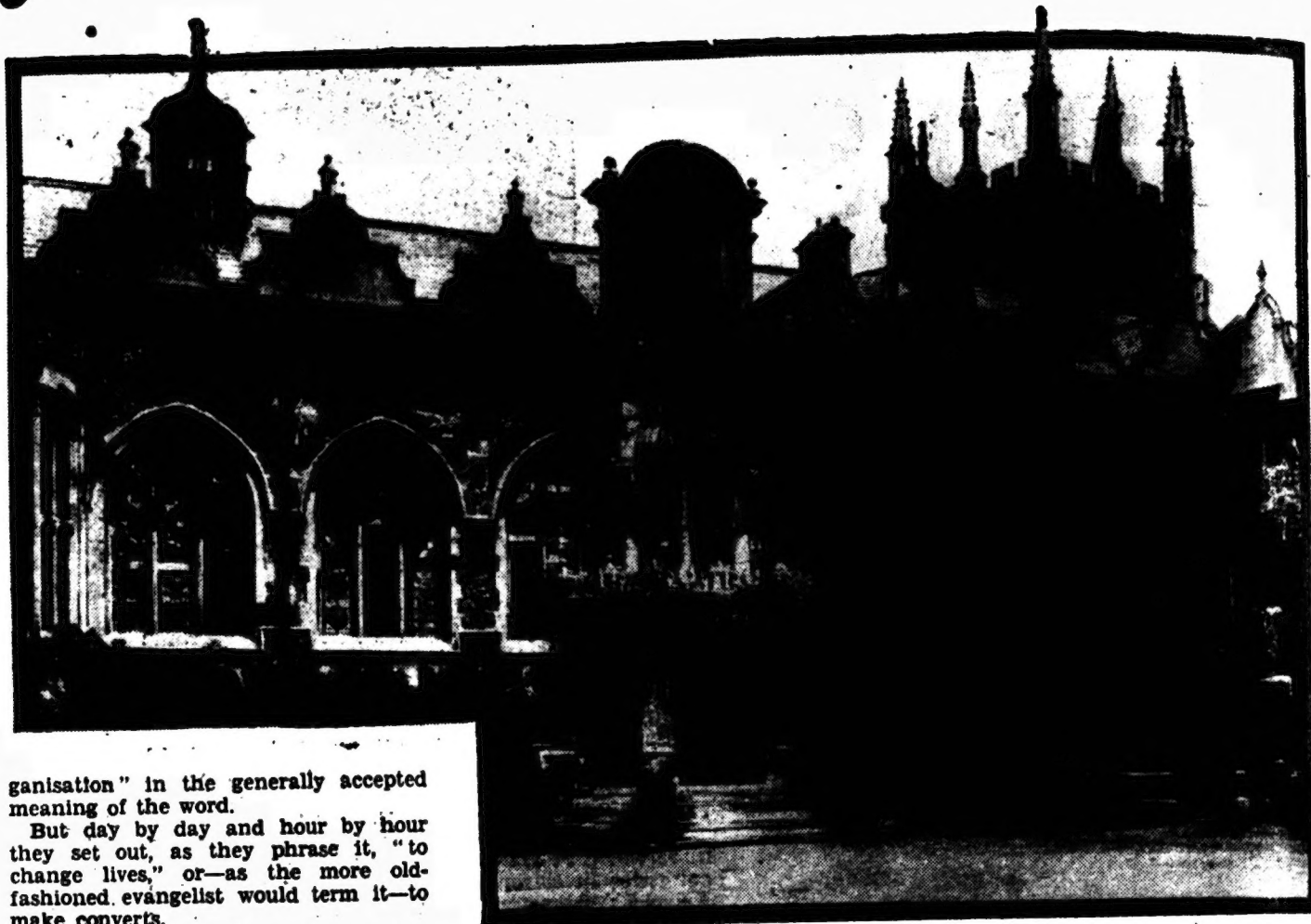
On a special four-page supplement in this issue there is announced an entirely new large-size Presentation—THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD—the greatest and most fascinating single-volume Presentation ever made to readers of any journal. This great work—an entirely new edition of which is being produced exclusively for JOHN BULL readers—is well worth 25s.

Never before has there been produced a volume containing such a fascinating panorama of the marvels of Man and Nature—not merely the well-known wonders of the world, but hundreds of others that very few people have seen or can ever hope to see.

With a stupendous gallery of over 1,000 wonderful illustrations and a gripping narrative of more than 300,000 words, this incomparable volume tells the greatest story in history.

Such special publishing arrangements are required for the production of this superb and costly Presentation work that JOHN BULL has found it necessary to limit this edition to 200,000 copies. Applications will be treated in strict rotation.

If you do not wish to miss this work, send in your application form to-day.



Oriel, one of the six colleges at Oxford where the "International House Party" of the new movement is to take place

ganisation" in the generally accepted meaning of the word.

But day by day and hour by hour they set out, as they phrase it, "to change lives," or—as the more old-fashioned evangelist would term it—to make converts.

For years there have been vague rumours about the "Oxford Group," as the movement is known. Many people have shrugged their shoulders and dismissed the whole affair as a form of post-war hysteria that would soon pass. Others have condemned it as being definitely dangerous, and especially so to delicately balanced minds. Yet others have professed to see in it the great hope of the world.

## Host of converts

Whatever may prove to be its ultimate fate (and that is still doubtful) two things are certain: it has provided one of the greatest religious phenomena of our time, and by quiet, unobtrusive methods it has laid its grip on an amazingly large number of people.

This morning before breakfast, to-day before lunch, this evening before dinner, and to-night before bed, multi-

tudes of its followers have been or will be gathering together in little groups in a hotel room, a private house, a school study, or a boarding-house sitting-room confessing their sins or "sharing" as they call it.

That is one of the strangest features of the whole movement. The newspapers know little of it or, if they know, say less than they know. The hoardings carry no announcements. There are no processions in the streets, no Hyde Park affairs, nothing doing at the Albert Hall. Yet all the time the movement is welling up—encircling, engulfing, surrounding like a noiseless flood.

Everybody knows when the Salvation Army is about. The blood-red banners

belly in the breeze, the drums bang and the trumpets blare. Moody and Sankey used to announce their coming. So did Gipsy Smith. But not the Oxford Group. There is a process of unheralded infiltration.

It all centres round an ordinary-looking American who for a long time preferred his name not to be used. Some call him the "Soul Surgeon," others the "Life-changer."

He is a little over fifty years of age with a slight accent, piercing eyes and a rather pointed and enquiring sort of nose. He gives an impression of extreme "quiet," of a courteous but wide-awake watching and waiting.

Rather like a considerate host studying the wishes of his guests—but sometimes like an extraordinarily clever huntsman hot on the trail.

When he talks he talks quickly as though, during his silences, he has stored up what he wishes to say and then decides to pour it out with as little waste of time as possible.

Shrewd. All there. Someone once said about him: "Frank is nobody's fool."

## Soul Surgeon's team

His name is Buchman—Dr. F. N. D. Buchman—and he is a Lutheran clergyman of Pennsylvania.

Much of his time is spent in London, and then he is to be found at an hotel just off Piccadilly, where are the English headquarters of his movement. There is a suite of spacious, comfortably-furnished, well-staffed rooms in which you may talk about your troubles and grope towards that mysterious "life-change" which is the basis of the Oxford Group.

Two or three rooms away, beautiful women and well-dressed men dine and take their ease in the pleasant atmosphere of a perfectly equipped West End resort.

Recently the "Soul Surgeon" re-

## The Human Machine

## A Golden KEY

**F**ROM the dawn of industry until now there have been certain things that fill one with wonder, things that stand out head and shoulders above the rest as monuments of achievement. The pyramids of the Egyptians, the miracles of inter-communication that are rapidly making the world one country, the stupendous engineering feats that have made roads and bridges where formerly no man might pass—all over the globe these things are to be found.

Few people ever think of the one secret that brought them all into being—yet it is a simple secret. They were none of them done by magic, though there is something akin to magic in the finished result. They were all brought about by INDUSTRY—by the energetic employment of men's minds and bodies towards some definite end.

There is no motive force in matter. Bricks and stones do not get up and arrange themselves. The tendency of all matter is to rest—until someone moves it. All these things had to be done by someone.

When we see what has been done in the world by sheer industry and labour it should make us a little ashamed that we ourselves do so little. If we had a millionth part of the energy of some of our ancestors we could work miracles.

Why don't we? A good many people seem to believe a little too much in the old Indian philosophy which said that "it is better to walk than to run, and better to stand still than to walk, and better to sit than to stand, and better to lie down than to sit!"

We should do more if we believed more that, when a thing has to be done, it should be done immediately, without delay and without argument.

Decisive action is, as it has always been, the golden key to achievement.

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# —in Public

## WORLD-CALL of a STRANGE NEW CRUSADE

turned from Canada with an Oxford Group "team" numbering forty or more, and consisting of young and middle-aged men, young women and elderly ones.

One member of the "team" was an Oxford man who, a couple of years or so ago, was playing "merry hell" in the University town with a mixture of motor-cycles, cars and public-houses, and was the leading spirit in the "Car-burettor Club" which had a membership of three, including himself. Another was a one-time Scottish Communist. They went to Canada to "change lives."

It was back in 1908 that "Buchmanism" began. Dr. Buchman in that year attended a religious convention at Keswick. He was disturbed about his own religious work in Philadelphia, and he had a grudge against half-a-dozen men who, he thought, were putting obstacles in his way.

He heard a woman preach in a Cumberland village church, and he says the effect was such a great transformation in himself that he sat down and wrote an apology to each of the six men about whom he harboured ill-feeling, and then set out to preach "the humbling of pride in frank confession and restitution."

He went back to America, and "Buchmanism" began.

### Emotional scenes

Thirteen years later—in 1921—he was to visit England again, and an American asked him to look up a boy at Cambridge and help him. There was a party attended by Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates. They talked religion, confessed their sins, knelt down and prayed.

The Oxford men went back, collected some of their friends, and held meetings at their own University. More confessions. More prayers. And suddenly the movement began to spread.

The Oxford authorities got worried. So did the authorities of Cambridge. So did other responsible educationists—and doctors. So did some of the Churches.

Then the anxiety seemed to die down. But the Oxford Group went on, and it is still going on by Group meetings in this, that or the other house, meetings which may be attended by only a dozen or a score, but every one of which may produce a dozen more. So the movement spreads and spreads—but always quietly and unostentatiously.

One of the fundamentals is "Sharing"—that is, public confession. It has to be done "under the guidance of the Holy Spirit," and the argument is that the confession rids the person of "repressions," and gives relief from the burden of a secret load and inner fears.

This has led, and still leads, to highly emotional and sometimes hysterical scenes.

There are open confessions of sexual



The "Soul Surgeon,"  
the "Life-changer"—  
Dr. F. N. D. Buchman

sins, of secret impurities, of cheating, lying and theft.

Some time ago a man stood up in a gathering in a well-known town and told how, years ago, he contracted a disease which had never been cured, and which he communicated to his wife. He told the story in a state of exaltation, and appeared to experience satisfaction and relief. He even expressed thanks to God for visiting him with his punishment and thereby convincing him of sin. Which seems to suggest that this unhappy man was obsessed by the merciless God of the Old Testament.

At another place a "pillar" of one

of the local churches (one of those familiar personalities who make a habit of taking charge of whatever they happen to be associated with) publicly confessed to his astonished hearers that he was intolerant, bigoted and harsh.

Another "sharing" was that of a man who had to rid himself of a war memory that haunted him. He told the story of how he lay, unwounded, by the side of a dying man in a shell-hole, of how the dying man asked for water, and of how he (the unwounded one) lied and said there was no water. The wounded one died and the other drank.

It was said afterwards that this con-

ression enabled the man to square his shoulders and face the world again.

In one of the pamphlets issued by the Group it is laid down that: "In most cases it is enough to name the sin in general terms—e.g., pride, fear, dishonesty, impurity, selfishness, hatred—giving no details lest in a multitude of words we lose our way and confuse others. In private interviews there may be a call for more detailed sharing; but in every case the principle of 'all sharing under guidance' is fundamental."

It is also laid down that it is never right to betray a confidence or involve another without his consent.

Then there is the "quiet time." Members of the Oxford Group prepare for this by getting into a comfortable position—sitting, reclining or kneeling to get relaxation of mind or body. They have to cultivate stillness of mind by an act of will, by thinking peaceful and restful thoughts.

Then they take pencil and paper and write down "the ideas and thoughts which the Holy Spirit has caused to arise in the mind." They act on these messages, and it is a firm belief that God has dictated them.

### Faith in prayer

"Guidance" is another basic principle of this mysterious movement which is stretching out so far. Its followers see "great white lights" or hear a voice, and then obey.

At the West End hotel headquarters you can buy a pamphlet which tells of a young man of once bibulous habits who received "guidance." He was "twice caught out by his old pals when trying to put away a quiet pint of beer." And what do you think he said? "I could feel God breathing down the back of my neck."

The author of the pamphlet adds: "Irreverent? The Holy Spirit is not limited to conventional phraseology. He uses the language of the person to whom he speaks."

They put their trust in faith and prayer—pray for money and wait for it to come. Day by day and night by night the confessions, the quiet times and the guidance go on. The little Group meetings are held here, there and everywhere—by the thousand. The more ambitious gatherings are those like the "International House Party" which is going on at Oxford now.

Strange, mysterious, and rather unaccountable. But the movement is reaching out and out—reaching out so far that it cannot be ignored. No one can see the end of it.

And it all centres around the quiet, little, inquisitive-looking American who has established his headquarters in a pleasant suite of rooms in a West End hotel.

### Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

**I**N my particular walk of life I have been struck of late with the number of people who feel themselves to be in bondage to circumstances of one kind or another. Of course, we are all in bondage more or less and would accomplish nothing in life if we were not.

No man can afford to play fast and loose with his opportunities. We cannot do exactly as we like; if we are to make good in any line we have to stick to it, no matter how irksome or monotonous the conditions may be.

But I am not thinking of this kind of bondage just now. I am thinking of ties created by our affections, our moral responsibilities, and our relations with others.

There is, for instance, our duty to the helpless, to the weak in character, and even perhaps to the undeserving.

A person I greatly respect and admire has toiled hard all his life in order to make himself independent and provide for his children. To do this he has had to deny himself many pleasures and indulgences that other members of his family habitually enjoy without scruple.

As he is approaching seventy years of

age he has been expecting to retire on a small competence, but suddenly finds that he cannot. A near relative has fallen ill and is without means, so my friend has to keep him.

The beneficiary is not even grateful; what is done for him he takes as a matter of course. Yet it ought never to have been necessary if he himself had played the game in life. He has been thriftless, idle, unstable, selfish. Now he is a burden and does not appear to mind or to exhibit the slightest regret for wasted years.

It is a real hardship that the worthy man of whom I write should be bound in any way to support one with so poor a record; but so it is; there is no help for it.

My friend sees this and wastes no time in complaining about it; instead of retreating he goes quietly on with his little business and with no prospect of ever being able to do anything else.

This case is not singular; its like is to be found everywhere; we all know them. There is the good mother tied to a brutal husband and putting up with him for the sake of the children. Friends know that in giving her a helping hand they

are helping him too, and rather than do that they withhold help from both.

There is the keeper of a hateful secret, whose lips are sealed for fear of doing harm to the innocent or breaking a loving heart. You may be burning to tell a double dealer what you think of him, but you are tongue-tied because of your responsibilities.

Or you are longing to strike out in a new and hopeful direction, but you dare not because of sacrificing the interests of someone very dear, who may not even know, and perhaps will never know, what you are sacrificing for his sake or hers.

There is one plain truth to learn about this constantly recurring problem, and that is that it is better far to be the cheated than the cheater, the sufferer than the inflicter of suffering, the burden bearer than the maker of burdens.

What you are is of vastly more importance than what you otherwise gain or lose and what you are is to be measured by what you can give rather than by what you can get.

To do without murmur or fret what a good conscience and a kind heart require is to possess the treasure of inward peace.

## LIFE'S BONDS



## Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to DR. JORDAN

## Your Dress Reform Leaves Me Cold



**D**EAR DOCTOR,—I ought to regard you as my natural enemy. You, as the leader of the Men's Dress Reform Party, want to make men's clothing "less ugly, less unhealthy and less cumbersome." "The less clothing we wear," you say, "the better it is for us. Men wear

far too much clothing. The first thing to abolish is the collar stud."

Now I wear so much clothing that, one day, when hearing a friend say, "What a glorious day," I replied, "I think it's dreadful. I cannot wear my overcoat."

Without my overcoat, I feel lonely. I have worn it, even on the Lido, where everyone else was almost nude.

As for the collar stud, I used to wear three-inch collars and, to this day, my neck is invariably encased in a high and stiff collar which you would hate, but without which I get cold.

Objecting to the standardisation of men's clothes, you have organised dinners and at least one ball where prizes were offered for original costumes. Seeing the pictures, the public laughed, just as, overnight, the reporters had laughed, and the photographers had laughed, and the waiters had laughed, and the bandmen had laughed. Outside the door, too, the policeman, although he himself was encased in the funniest costume ever invented, screamed with merriment.

Yet as, defiant of fashion, I dress to please myself, I do not see why you shouldn't.

After all, Guardsmen wear silly clothes, kings wear silly clothes, the Lord Mayor wears silly clothes and the Archbishop of Canterbury wears silly clothes. All these, of course, only wear them on their ceremonial occasions. But I do not see why humour should be confined to official circles.

You object to conventional evening dress. People who wear it tamely object to you. Yet they do not understand that, of all the clothes ever invented, a swallow-tailed evening dress suit is the ugliest, the grimmest and the most idiotic.

Why, there are no pockets for your

hands, and many people merely wear jackets so that they can fill the pockets with things they do not want.

Your views are becoming more common than the world knows. When, the other day, a funeral passed my window, I noticed that three people out of six did not take off their hats. They were not wearing them. So they couldn't.

When I was addressing a meeting, a few weeks ago, I saw in the audience what I thought was a woman. Afterwards, I saw it was a man. Yet he wore a short-sleeved shirt of Cambridge blue, with a low-cut open collar. With so many short-haired women about, you could not tell, until he stood up and showed his trousers. Even then, it was not proof.

Your movement is, of course, an unconscious protest against the ever-increasing robotisation of both men and women. That is all to the good.

Yet, I regret to say, some of the men attracted by your ideas are of the ultra-effeminate type. They have mincing voices and women's minds and falsetto souls. If they were not a joke, they would be dangerous.

On the other hand, there are many people with earnest views who believe that the sun should be allowed to reach the human flesh, arguing that it is eradication of all energy. People, for instance, Dean Inge—he, by the way, would look much less gloomy in a yellow kilt—Dr. Saleeby, whose eugenic views have done much to educate, and Guy Kendall, the headmaster, all support you. They are not all cranks.

Clothes do not interest me. I usually walk into a store, put on the first ready-made suit they show me and leave the old one behind. But at least my stock tie is a protest against the idea that, if a certain kind of tie is the fashion this year, I must be compelled to wear it, because other people do.

We all have our idiosyncrasies—that

is, if we have any sense. You are entitled to yours.

Your crusade is a protest against the idea that because some silly tailor ordains some particular new kind of lunacy one year, such as the idea that we should all have three buttons on our

sleeves or a double-breasted waistcoat on our stomachs, every man should follow him.

The ideal costume, of course, was Adam's. Still, he lived in a warmer climate. And there was only one woman to worry him.

The wearing of clothes has given us false shames. It has even made us modest about the things we really think. Clothes have led to suppressions and repressions, and fears. Yet they gave both Man and Woman an opportunity of self-expression—until, unfortunately, the dressmaker soon came along, and the tailor. Then, when they issued orders, the slave minds all obeyed.

Mind you, I am not one of you. And I shall never be. But at least I admire your indifference to ridicule. Every new idea is ridiculed at the start. It is the acid test of its sincerity.

I can remember when women were jeered at because they began to ride bicycles. The word "bloomers" emerged from the joke stage until now, although people get excited if Greta Garbo wears a pair of trousers, I see women walking about the streets in them, surrounded by indifference. Why shouldn't women wear trousers? They are not nearly as silly as the latest fashion, and not nearly as expensive.

To the Englishman, the kilt is funny. To the Zulu, the top hat is a source of wonder. My clothes, to you, are a horror.

Why should we worry about such things?

So long as you seek only freedom for your own views, I am with you. But if ever the tailors start to commercialise them, it will be dreadful.

Hannen Swaffer

## CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

**H.M. THE QUEEN,**  
Buckingham Palace

YOUR MAJESTY,—Your deep interest in the welfare of mothers and children throughout the country is once more made plain by your inspiring message in connection with the National Baby Week.

I am confident that the whole public is wholeheartedly responding to make this Week the most successful in the history of a movement which, I hope, will continue to march from strength to strength.

JOHN BULL.

**R. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT,**  
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—I am glad your marketing schemes will enable farmers and fishermen to get more for their produce.

But you must see that the housewife does not have to pay more.

There is a big enough margin—which goes in muddled transport or excessive middlemen's profits—to give producers a fair deal without exploiting the consumer.

JOHN BULL.

**Rev. A. D. LAWSON,**  
Worlaby, Yorkshire

DEAR VICAR,—As the men in your village have no place in which they can smoke and chat—no parish hall, no public-house—you have placed the vicarage at their disposal and renamed it "The Vicar's Arms."

There are no fees, a wireless set has been installed, and everyone is invited to make himself at home.

A few more generous moves of this sort and we shall hear less of the dull-

ness of rural life and less about the aloofness of the clergy from mundane affairs.

JOHN BULL.

**STEPHEN CHARLES WELLS,**  
Wolston, Rugby

WELLS,—You are as despicable a youth as I can imagine. Stealing £5 from a house where you were a frequent visitor, you admitted spending the money on sweets and cigarettes.

But in court you said the confession was forced from you. Then you blamed your mother for worrying you for money—yet she had repaid £8 you had previously stolen.

You got off much too lightly in merely being bound over. But I hope your mother deals with you as you deserve.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. S. BRIGHOUSE,**  
Coroner for West Lancashire

DEAR SIR,—Some coroners refuse to allow the Press to attend inquests, but I am glad you are not one of them.

You believe that publicity helps to give everyone a sense of security and fairness which benefits the coroner's court.

And publicity, you say, is the very essence of justice. That is also the view of

JOHN BULL.

**Councillor THOMAS J. WISE,**  
Lord Mayor of Bristol

MY LORD MAYOR,—Members of all political Parties admire your wise administration of the city's affairs. I am happy to add my voice to the chorus of praise.

Last winter you ran a scheme to

supply food to the poor. Then you raised funds to save a colliery from closing down, and now it is expected to keep men in work for fifty years. Publicly and privately, you have done much to help the blind, crippled and needy.

May you live long to continue your good work!

JOHN BULL.

**LORD BADEN-POWELL:** I am as glad as you that German Boy Scouts have been disbanded, for they were military and political. As you say, ours are just Boy Scouts and nothing more. That's why I like them and you.—JOHN BULL.

**Mr. JUSTICE GODDARD,**  
Kensington, W.

MY LORD,—You are not the first judge to complain that his time is wasted on cases that should never be sent to assize.

I have myself often said that many justices and those who advise them need to be taught their business.

And I hope that in every trumpety case sent to you for trial you will not hesitate to rebuke those magistrates who shirked dealing with it.

JOHN BULL.

**THE MAGISTRATES,**  
Preston

GENTLEMEN,—The police should note carefully your views on the unfairness of issuing two summonses for one offence.

This particularly applies to motoring cases, where drivers are frequently charged with dangerous driving and

with driving without due care—as though one is possible without the other.

I hope to see many other Benches join in your protest and bring this absurd and unjust business to an end.

JOHN BULL.

**Sir ERIC DRUMMOND,**  
London, S.W.

DEAR SIR ERIC,—Allow me to voice the thanks of the whole public to you for your magnificent work at Geneva, from which you have just retired.

As Secretary-General of the League of Nations, you strove for fourteen years for world peace and order.

The League of Nations Union, in its tribute, says it is proud that a British subject has given such an example of loyalty and devotion to the international community as a whole. That pride, I am sure, is shared by us all.

JOHN BULL.

**Sir EDWARD SHORTT,** Film Censor,  
—Glad you are refusing to pass films in which animals are made to fight or cruelty is involved. That's real worth-while censorship.—JOHN BULL.

**Mr. P. H. B. LYON**  
Rugby School

DEAR HEAD,—You are wise to provide greater opportunities for boys who intend to enter industry and commerce.

In these days parents don't care two hoots whether the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton or not. But they are anxious to know that if they send their sons to a public school they will be well equipped for the battle of life.

JOHN BULL.



# BALDWIN Hasn't Won Yet



Will his be the pipe of peace for a seething India?

by  
**A. G.  
GARDINER**

Parliament in the form of a Bill setting up a centralised Government in India with large powers reserved to the Viceroy and the British Government.

This policy has been arrived at as the result of years of enquiry and negotiations. It is endorsed by the overwhelming mass of enlightened Indian opinion. It is supported by the Anglo-Indian community in India. It is approved by everyone who has filled the office of Viceroy—Lord Reading, Lord Irwin, Lord Willingdon. It has been unanimously endorsed by a Government representing all Parties but mainly composed of Conservatives.

If it is carried into effect the Indian problem will be solved. If

it is rejected India will be plunged back into disorder, the good faith of this country will be finally discredited, and we shall be embarked upon the task of holding India by force—a task to which there can be only one conclusion.

This is the alternative before us. And the choice we make will depend upon the determination with which Mr. Baldwin conducts the crusade in his own camp, for it is the Conservative vote which will decide the issue.

## His duty

I confess I am alarmed at one remark he made to the Conservative caucus. It suggested that he would submit the proposals of the Bill to that body. This seems to me not only inviting disaster, but acting outside the Constitution.

This country is governed, not by Party caucus, but by Parliament. The fate of India must be settled by the representatives of the nation assembled at Westminster and not by a body unelected by the constituencies and unknown to the Constitution.

In the House of Commons Mr. Baldwin has a majority that will carry the policy of the White Paper into effect. It is his duty to rely on that majority.

CAN Mr. Baldwin do it? In other words, can Mr. Baldwin save India?

The answer depends on whether he can hold his Party. It is not at all clear that he can. He carried the Conservative caucus with him the other day, it is true; but the vote was ominous. He polled 100 votes against 356, and in normal circumstances a majority of more than 100 to one would be sufficient for the purpose in view.

But the minority is formidable, and much of the support accorded to Mr. Baldwin was, I fear, only half-hearted. It was given to him, not because of an unshaken belief in his Indian policy, but because the Party likes him and believes in him, and neither likes nor believes in Mr. Churchill.

## India's fate . .

It would be a great mistake to assume that the victory is won. All that has been won is the first skirmish in what will be a long and embittered struggle. The issue of that struggle will settle much more than the fate of Mr. Baldwin. It will settle that, of course. If it is defeated on this critical issue by his own Party he will cease to be the leader of that Party and will vanish from politics.

But much more than any personal issue is at stake. The fate of India is the balance. If this opportunity of winning the foundation of a new and lasting relationship between Britain and the Indian Empire is lost, nothing more unlikely that it will ever return. We shall be driven back upon government by force, and that expedient will be used in India as it ended in Ireland. The lesson of Ireland, indeed, is a flaming warning to us in this crisis.

If we had settled with Ireland forty years ago, or even twenty years ago, the tragedy of to-day would not have been accomplished. Ireland would have been united, self-governing people under the common sovereignty of the British crown.

But we rejected the policy that had reserved Canada, Australia and South Africa within the British Commonwealth. We attempted to govern Ireland, not by consent, but by bayonets. We lost and had to surrender, and it is only recalling that Mr. Churchill himself was one of the most active members of the Government that surrendered.

## Lesson unlearned?

And now, untaught by that tremendous experience, he wants this country to travel the same fatal path in India that we travelled in Ireland! Nor is it without significance that the chief supporter he has in this enterprise is Lord Carson, who more than any other man was the architect of the Irish tragedy.

Is that tragedy to be repeated on a larger stage? Nothing is more certain than that it will be if Mr. Baldwin loses and Mr. Churchill and Lord Carson win in the struggle for the soul of

the Conservative Party.

If we found it impossible to govern by force a small country of 3,000,000 people, situated close to our shores, how can we hope to hold a country as big and populous as Europe, situated six thousand miles away, by a handful of British bayonets.

We could not do it if we would, and we would not if we could. For if any Government were mad enough to make the attempt it would be swiftly superseded by another that would stop the insanity. But it would only stop it after the mischief was done. We should, in making the attempt, have lost India.

Now none of us—not even Mr. Churchill—wants to lose India. No intelligent Indian wants the British connection to be broken. Every intelligent Indian knows that that connection is vital to the order and security of India within and its safety from without.

## Resentment

But, wisely or unwisely, the feeling of the Indian people in regard to that connection has undergone a profound change during the past thirty years. There has grown up a demand for self-government. They want to be governed by consent, not by force. A national consciousness has been awakened, and they resent being governed as a conquered province.

They resent being ruled as a race of underlings in their own land. The rule

has been just and astonishingly efficient. It has made India one of the most secure and peaceable countries on the face of the globe. It has given it internal order and external protection.

But it is a paternal rule, and no people will permanently consent to be governed as children incapable of governing themselves. They want to grow up. They are growing up, and the time has come when they demand such a voice in their own affairs as will bring them ultimately into line with the self-governing Dominions.

We ought not to attempt to resist this demand. I say "attempt" because it is obvious that in the end we cannot resist it. We ought to welcome it.

We ought to meet it, not with bayonets, but with an eager and candid desire to establish the relations of India and Great Britain on a new footing which, while conceding a large measure of self-government, will preserve the security of the country from external attack, maintain the reign of law and order and the rights of minorities within, and establish India's financial integrity on a sound basis.

This is the aim of the policy outlined in the White Paper. It is now being wrought out in detail by the Joint Select Committee—which Mr. Churchill refused to join—and will come before

Not from the B.B.C.—Professor Henri Pieron, the French Psychologist, on

## Life's Shadow Show

IT pains me to study mankind  
And note all the errors profound  
Man clings to; to science he's blind,  
In seas of illusion he's drowned;  
While learned psychologists try  
To guide him to gaze on the truth  
With trained and unprejudiced eye,  
He clings to the fables of youth.

You may, perhaps, think you exist;  
Maybe you feel sure that you feel;  
You think that the something you kissed  
Last night was a girl, and quite real.  
You're wrong, though! For truth isn't true;

She never existed, that maid!  
She was an illusion, and you—  
A symbol, a shadow, a shade!

A film of its own the mind makes,  
And things are ne'er quite as they seem;

All objects are figments and fakes,  
And life but a vision, a dream.  
This truth need but once become clear  
And all of us know where we are:  
We are nowhere, in fact; and I fear  
We are nothing at all—tra, la, la!

When I say that we are nothing at all I am not being strictly accurate, since, of course, scientifically speaking, there is no such thing as nothing. Nothing, in fact, is just as much a figment of the imagination as everything.

If this statement is not immediately

plain, let me clarify it by quoting the words with which I startled the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

"Between us and reality," I said, "there stands an insurmountable barrier, beyond which our knowledge and consciousness may never pass. What we see, hear, touch, smell, taste, feel, think or know are merely shadows."

A person who has lately barked what he believes to be his shin against what he has had painful reason for supposing is the leg of a table may hesitate to accept this diagnosis; but this will merely prove that he is a gross (though, of course, non-existent) materialist.

Both the shin of his leg and the leg of the table are illusions; so, too, are the pain which he imagines he felt and the bruise which he thinks he saw. And he himself—that is, the supposed owner of the alleged shin which, obviously, did not come into contact with an impalpable table—is the biggest illusion of all.

It is only necessary to follow this line of reasoning to its logical conclusion and you will become so splendidly scientific as to be eligible as a psychologist or so gloriously gaga that the leading lunatic

asylums will compete furiously for your patronage.

Meanwhile, whether you understand it or not, I think you will agree that my doctrine is a comforting one.

Why should we fret and worry over things that are not facts?

Like war-time debts that don't exist, a phantom income-tax,

A world depression which we merely fancy that we feel,

And widespread unemployment—since it isn't really real?

It surely isn't sensible—  
Indeed, is reprehensible—

For shades to grieve because they lack the shadow of a meal.

It is, indeed, but needful for mankind to comprehend

The nothingness of everything. So let us all pretend

That life's a work of fiction with a non-existent plot,

And we will promptly banish all the ills we haven't got!

This verdict of psychology  
I state without apology:

If what is, is not; what is not, is not so, is it not?



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The Safe Hair Remover for Face and Body

**A Beauty Secret  
of the Stars**

It comes as a surprise to many women to learn that famous stars do not spend large sums on the preservation of their beauty. Rather, they search for the most simple and efficient beauty aids—and 'Alluhr' is among the most popular. 'Alluhr' is so simple to use—so safe—so economical—that it places one of the stars' most valued treatments at the disposal of every woman whose time is limited.

**Alluhr is Safe, Economical  
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'Alluhr' contains a NEW element, Zapon Oil, which renders it harmless to the most sensitive skin. Indeed, 'Alluhr' is beneficial, leaving your skin white, cool, and free from any trace of unpleasant odour. 'Alluhr' can be applied at any time—unwanted hair will be quickly removed and regrowth discouraged. 'Alluhr' lasts up to five times longer than other hair removers. During hot summer days, 'Alluhr' gives a delicious sense of freshness.

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"I have found to my delight that besides being painless and harmless, 'Alluhr' leaves the skin white and beautifully supple, giving a delicious sense of well-being."

*Edna Raper*



"I use 'Alluhr' and every girl who takes pride in perfect grooming should do the same."

*Anne Gray*

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DEODORANT**

Do not offend unwittingly, your friends may not like to tell you—make sure by checking perspiration with Alluhr Deodorant. It is harmless and refreshing to the skin. It protects your frock and undies from perspiration acids. Ideal for Summer use. Per large bottle

**1/3**

**This Summer weather....it makes  
me feel so tired**

**Nonsense...it isn't the weather—look at me**



**Well, where do you get all your energy?**

**I always make sure that my meals are right**



**How do you do that?**

**I only have light foods—but I take  
'Ovaltine' with them**

**THE** reason why you often feel tired and depressed during the Summer is that the light foods you eat do not provide sufficient energy to replace the extra energy you expend.

To be certain of obtaining all the energy-creating nutriment which you require, drink delicious "Ovaltine" with your light meals.

This complete and perfect tonic food beverage is 100 per cent. health-giving nourishment. It is scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, fresh creamy milk and new-laid eggs from our own farms. The exclusive method of manufacture cannot be improved upon or used by others.

"Ovaltine" is rich in vitamins and other essential food properties, and makes even the lightest meal complete in nutritive value. It is equally delicious, refreshing and nourishing, whether taken as a hot or cold drink—and it does not overheat the blood.

But—be sure it is "Ovaltine." Unlike imitations "Ovaltine" does not contain household sugar, or any other cheap ingredient, to give it bulk and to lower the cost, nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa.

Considering its supreme quality, delicious "Ovaltine" is the most economical food beverage you can buy. Reject substitutes.

# Ovaltine

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 & 3/3.



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## Weekly Informations from

## Maj.-Gen. Sir Wyndham Childs

**A** NEW drive has been started in this country by certain American share-pushers, who are employing a picked team of "dynamiters," as high-pressure salesmen are called, to offload worthless shares among investors in remote districts.

From investigations just concluded by my department it is evident that some part in this campaign is being played by a notorious trans-Atlantic financier named Maurice Singer, who graduated with honours in the sharepushing schools of Jacob Factor.

Although a miscellaneous group of companies figures in my enquiries, it will be as well to start with a reference to a concern boasting the impressive title of the Bank of London, Ltd., which has its headquarters at Pancras Lane, London, E.C.

The name alone is sufficient to suggest stability to inexperienced country people of the type chiefly marked down by the share-pushers as their most promising prey.

Yet the concern is not a bank at all, and has no real standing in the world of commerce or finance.

Its chief interest, I can reveal, seems to be the dubious one of inducing people to participate in share gambles of a most speculative kind.

In recent weeks it has extended its operations by distributing, unsolicited, copies of a newspaper, called the *Weekly Financial Review*, which is full of praise for its own "share-dealing department," and urges the investing public to take advantage of the "Bank's" expert guidance.

### • Illuminating

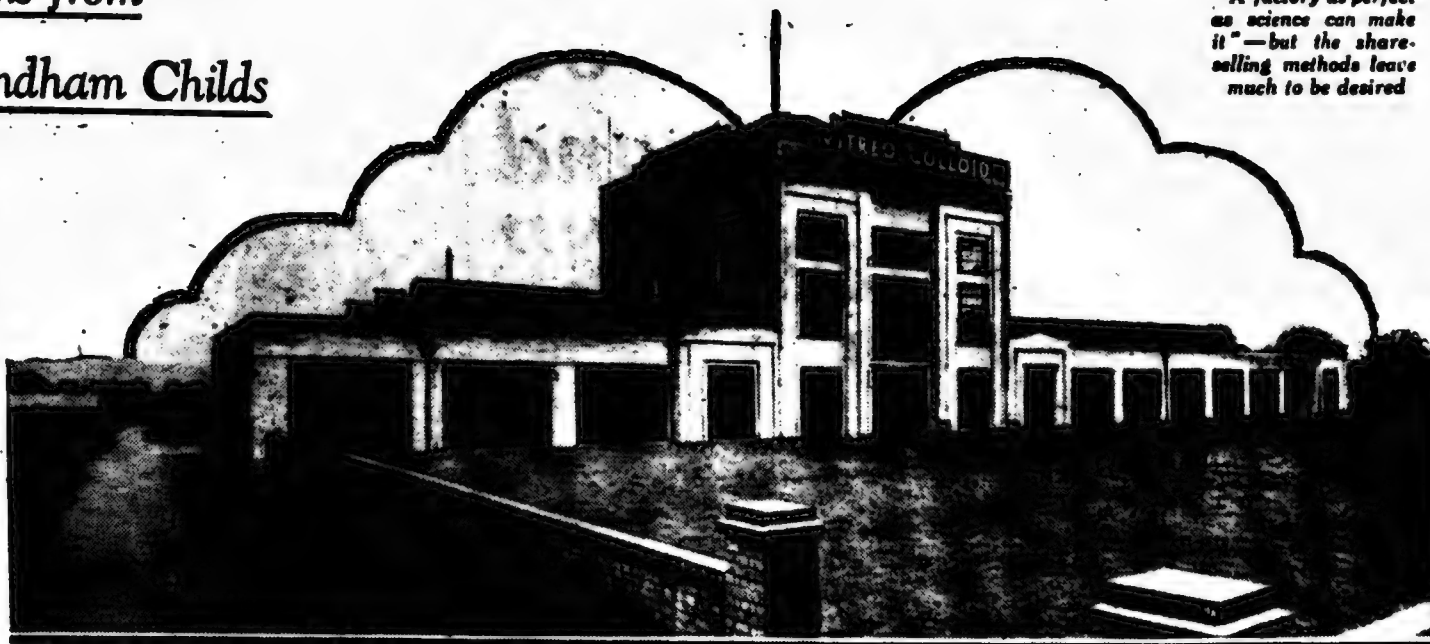
There are very good reasons why the Bank of London's offers should be shunned.

It is illuminating to note that its directors are a Mr. Henry Collins Brown, of Regent Square, London, and a Mr. Paul Seligman, of 1, Vere Mansions, Westbourne Gardens, London.

The former is also a director of a second share-pushing venture known as the Contract Finance Corporation, Ltd., which shares the "Bank's" headquarters.

Like the bank, it affects to have bargains to offer in the way of shares, and for some time has been seeking investors for a third company called the Provincial and Foreign Investments, Ltd., of Regent Street, London, and Oxted, Surrey.

This, in turn, seems to have dabbled



"A factory as perfect as science can make it"—but the share-selling methods leave much to be desired

# Bank's Brazen Share Deals

in a variety of enterprises, and some time ago acquired an important factory at Hurst Green, Oxted, Surrey, where a product called "Vitreo-colloid" is being manufactured by a valuable secret process.

It is claimed to be an excellent substitute for celluloid, with the additional advantage of being non-inflammable. It can be produced in any colour, and, in solution, may be used as paint or varnish.

The motoring, electrical, radio, photographic and horticultural industries are named as likely to be revolutionised by its introduction.

All this may be quite true.

### Fabulous profits

With a factory "as perfect as science can make it," and "machinery that is the best that money can buy," enormous profits have been promised from this source in the share appeals made to the public through the Contract Finance Corporation and similar bodies.

On a stated capitalisation of £200,000, these profits were originally estimated at £150,000 a year—or 75 per cent.

On paper, and accompanied by impressive photographs of machinery and plant, it all looked very appealing, but those who have sunk money in this venture following visits from the persuasive dynamiters have so far been disappointed.

### Slick salesmen

One investor, to cite a typical example, was so impressed by the plausible story unfolded by one of these smooth-tongued salesmen that he handed over all the available cash he had for shares offered to him "from a limited number only," at the "remarkably attractive" price of 5s. a share.

He was given rosy assurances of the 75 per cent. profit, and regaled with the confident information that his shares would soon rise to treble the present value.

He has seen no profits, but, instead, has been favoured with repeated visits by other "dynamiters" bent upon inducing him to plunge more heavily in one proposition or another.

He is now faced with the sorry fact that, far from rising in value, the

shares have been hawked to other investors at 4s. each.

The Provincial and Foreign Investment Corporation, Ltd., is a Canadian company, with far-away headquarters in Saint Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

Its nominal capital is 1,000,000 dollars, and most of its shares were issued as fully paid to yet

another company in the group.

This was in respect of the purchase of the Vitreo-colloid plant at Oxted after the company then owning it went into compulsory liquidation.

Its issued and paid-up capital was in the neighbourhood of £150,000.

The shares of this Canadian organisation, it is advisable to note, are unquotable on the British or Canadian Stock Exchanges, and have so far earned no dividends at all.

### Fined

An interesting sidelight on some of these share transactions is that the Contract Finance Corporation has admittedly received as its remuneration for selling shares £25 out of every £100 raised from the public.

Moreover, its then directors, including Mr. Henry Collins Brown, were prosecuted and fined a few months ago for sending out share-selling literature that was not in accordance with the requirements of the Companies Acts.

Collins Brown, as we have said, is likewise a director of the so-called Bank of London, Ltd., and it is interesting to find that the biggest management shareholder in this is Maurice Singer, who has figured in several big share ramps in this country during the past five or six years.

### Be on your guard!

And during his constant visits to England he has time and again been the subject of complaint to the authorities here.

The fact that he is associated in any way with any share offer should be sufficient to put investors on their guard.

Meanwhile, I would urge all country investors to look with distrust upon any share salesman who may arrive by car with attractive offers of "gilt-edged" stock.

### TELL ME

May I again ask any readers who consider themselves the victims of fraud or injustice to place their cases before me?

The services of my Investigation Department are at their disposal, and every letter receives my personal attention and is treated in strict confidence.

## A HALFPENNY Trinity

**T**HE outstanding feature of a widely advertised campaign conducted by Associated Copywriting Services, of 17, Johnstone Street, Birchfield, Birmingham, is the desire of one John Halfpenny, called the director, to help strangers on the road to success.

Associated Copywriting Services offers instruction in direct mail and publicity advertising, applied psychology, selling to women, and other matters. Advice is offered to parents without charge.

But a "Training Registration Form," suitably perforated for detachment, invites would-be clients to send cheques, money orders or postal orders covering the inclusive premium of seven guineas.

The headed notepaper boasts cable code, telephone number, London office, and proclaims establishment as long ago as 1920.

Members, it is said, may be recommended to a second organisation called the Business and Sales Association of Great Britain.

And Associated Copywriting Services claims to be incorporated with the

Royal Press Institute, of Wolverhampton, London and Birmingham.

Although a number of individuals are mentioned as sales and publicity writers, artists and illustrators, or as foreign representatives, John Halfpenny is the registered proprietor of all three concerns!

Neither has been in existence longer than three years. The so-called Business and Sales Association of Great Britain, which claims branches in London, Manchester, Warwick, Liverpool, Nottingham and Aberdeen, is in office with Associated Copywriting Services at 17, Johnstone Street, Birchfield.

It offers clients the use of a crest, advice on personal problems, the service of a highly qualified staff, arbitrators, suggestions, and the security of a national organisation. People are invited to "register" for a fee of five shillings, but the annual subscription costs £3 3s., an enrolment form being conveniently attached.

The leaflet in this instance is patriotically embellished with drawings of Britannia and the British Lion.

The Royal Press Institute, despite its impressive title, has no real standing. It is a trumpety concern conducted by John Halfpenny from his private address, in Willenhall Road, Wolverhampton! Its original purpose was to carry on a school of journalism.

In the name of "Clarence Clifford Howard," Halfpenny contributes an airy preface to the prospectus, boosting the school of advertising he conducts under the style of Associated Copywriting Services.

The Birmingham office is a private house. A telephone number appearing on his headed notepaper is that of another trader in Johnstone Street!

In these circumstances readers will probably think twice before answering Halfpenny's varied requests for fees in advance.





For MEN  
and WOMEN  
of ALL AGES

"I'm 60  
... and  
feel 35!"

LIFE, VIGOUR  
and ENERGY  
at a cost of a  
penny a day!

**BUOYANT HEALTH and  
VITALITY** are now within  
the reach of all . . . . .

You can enjoy here and now your full measure of all-round fitness. You can feel and look years younger, and you can do it in the simplest way — just by taking a little Phillips Yeast with your meals for a week or so. Immediately you start taking Phillips Yeast, you begin to buck up. Your appetite improves. You sleep better. You awake fresh in the morning. You want to be up and doing. If you have lost the joy of living you get it back safely, surely, quickly.

**. . . A NATURAL REMEDY  
and LIFE-GIVING TONIC.**

Phillips Yeast is Live Yeast in its purest and most active form. As a remedy for all kinds of indigestion, and as a general tonic and pick-me-up, it is unrivalled. Its action begins in the stomach a few minutes after it has been taken. It regulates the whole process of digestion and that is the basis of all its marvellous effects. Ask your doctor. He will tell you how valuable Live Yeast is in the treatment of numerous disorders, and that by its action on the digestive system, it eliminates the causes of most ailments and builds up a reserve of strength to resist illness of every kind.

It conquers Dyspepsia, ensures good Digestion and improves Nutrition.

It banishes Nervous Debility, Insomnia and other Nerve troubles.

It reduces Uric Acid, the cause of Rheumatism, and relieves Sciatica.

It purifies and enriches the blood, and clears skin affections.

It tones the system and corrects faulty elimination.

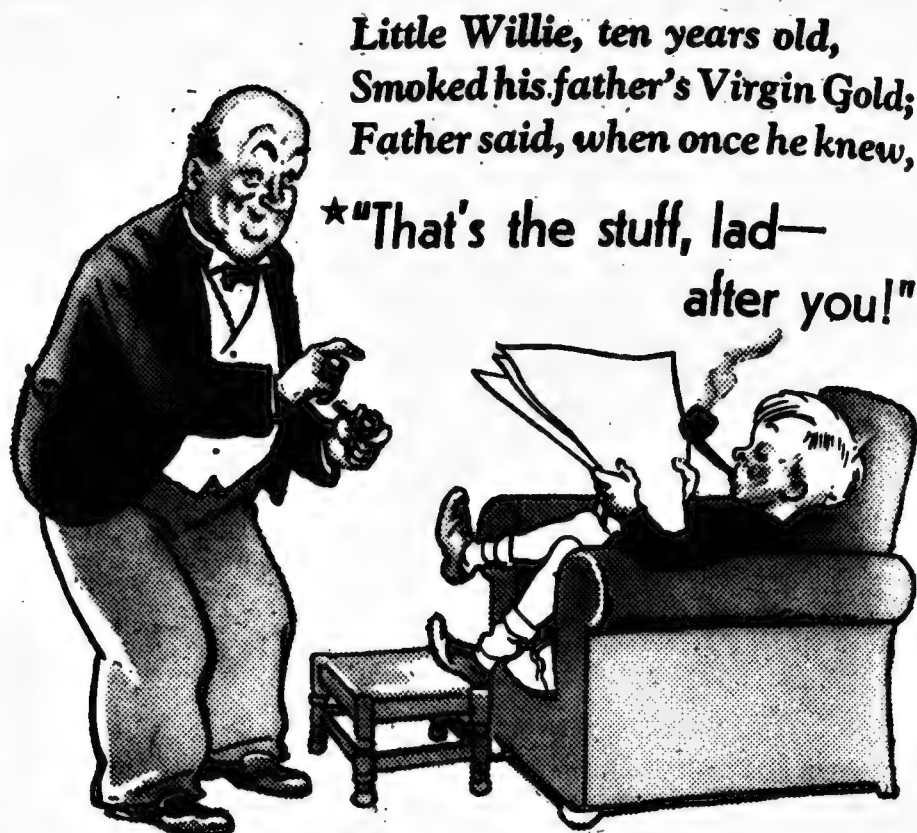
**Phillips LIVE  
YEAST**

**Its Purity is your Safeguard**

Of all Chemists, 1/3 & 3/- bottle. It is in fine granular form, easily taken and quite harmless. Refuse substitutes—Ask for 'PHILLIPS' Yeast.

Write for INTERESTING BOOKLET explaining the beneficial action of PHILLIPS LIVE YEAST in many ailments and chronic conditions.

Phillips Yeast Products Ltd. (Dept. 65),  
Park Royal Rd., London, N.W.10—  
and 150 Regent Street, W.1



Little Willie, ten years old,  
Smoked his father's Virgin Gold;  
Father said, when once he knew,

★"That's the stuff, lad—  
after you!"

Write a snappy



Pyra Model "S," 6 Valve  
Superheterodyne. En-  
larged moving coil speaker.  
Tone control. Illuminated  
tuning dial. In polished  
walnut cabinet. Value  
22 gu. Supplied by:  
Concertina Radio and  
Electrical Co. Ltd., 329,  
High Holborn, W.C.1.

★ **LAST LINE**

**AND  
WIN  
THIS 22-gn. RADIO!**

Here's your chance—you budding bards! For the snappiest alternative last line to the above rhyme, we are offering a 22-gn. Radio—free!

It doesn't matter whether your last line is grave or gay, as long as it puts in a good word for Virgin Gold. And there's a lot to be said for this fine tobacco. It's so cool, so sweet, so smo-o-o-th. These qualities are yours to enjoy longer—so slowly does it burn. Whether you roll it into a cigarette or put it in your pipe, you'll be unstinting in your praise of this—the most economical of tobaccos!

Send your entry, together with a one ounce Virgin Gold label or two 1-ounce labels, to: "Last Lines" (Dept. J.B.), 140, Commercial St., E.1, to arrive not later than August 1st. Each entry must be accompanied by a separate label. A 22-gn. Radio will be awarded every month until further notice. Watch this paper for results.

**Virgin Gold**  
**CIGARETTE TOBACCO**

**9<sup>D</sup>.**  
**OZ. OZ.**  
**MIXTURE or NAVY CUT**  
(READY RUBBED)

Issued by Godfrey Phillips, Limited

**In 1933 You'll be Glad . . . .**

you acted on this week's Front Cover advertisement. It will cost you nothing to find out how you can make sure of a comforting income or capital sum when you want to take things a little easier. Don't hesitate, post the coupon now!



# Mother's Fight for HOUNDED SON

**C**HEERFUL, ten-year-old Gordon Vincent, who resides with his parents in comfortable circumstances at 21, Goldsmith Road, Acton, London, is being sought by officials who desire to remove him to a State institution.

Should the representatives of the Acton Educational Committee succeed in taking him from the custody of his parents, this little chap may never know freedom again.

The pleadings of his parents and the considered opinions of doctors who have known the boy from infancy have been ignored.

Not long ago a police officer accompanied a school attendance official to the door of the boy's home, and, peremptorily demanding knowledge of his whereabouts, declared his intention of taking him away.

His mother courageously refused to surrender her son and promptly consulted her solicitor.

## Better at home

Because of this refusal to surrender the boy to the tender mercies of the authorities, his father was recently summoned to appear before the magistrates at Acton Police Court, and, failing to produce his son there, was fined.

The solicitor, acting on the parents' behalf, has endeavoured in vain to persuade the authorities to consider indisputable evidence that their boy is better off at home.

The story goes back to the time when, at the age of five years, little Gordon first went to Derwent Water Council school. He was strong and quite healthy, well fed and well cared for at home.

But he was subject to occasional epileptic fits. For this condition he was receiving skilled attention at the hands of two doctors, who were satisfied that he was making good progress.

Although these fits were slight and few and far between, Mrs. Vincent was anxious that her son should receive every care, and informed the school authorities of his condition.

The official idea of "care" was amazing. The child was forthwith compelled to wear a card suspended about his neck, bearing the word "Fits" in capital letters!

## A bombshell

His class teacher soon removed this cruel sign, for Gordon suffered only one fit in his early schooldays and then passed through fourteen months without any trouble.

He was receiving medical attention at a well-known London hospital, in addition to which the family doctor had him under observation.

School attendance doctors also saw him on several occasions, but made no comment.

Mrs. Vincent's surprise may be imagined when the authorities of the school sent for her, intimating that her son could not continue to attend for lessons.

The boy was suspended for three months, during which time he was taken by his parents to the Tavistock Square Clinic of the Institute of Medical Psychology, where he was favourably reported upon by a specialist, who certified that the lad was thoroughly teachable.

The specialist's report was despatched

*Reunited! Gordon and his mother. They must not be parted again*



to the Education Department for the Acton Borough Council, but officials declined to reveal its full contents to Mrs. Vincent.

Why this was denied her we cannot imagine, for we have had an opportunity to inspect it, and it shows that while Gordon was a little backward, he was suitable for education under normal conditions.

## The expert said—

The specialist expressly gave it as his considered opinion that the boy would not benefit by association with mentally defective children, but would get on best in a special class for slightly backward children.

This expert opinion is of vital interest in view of subsequent developments.

For when Gordon returned to school this specialist's advice was ignored. He was moved up two standards and thus found himself among children receiving advanced tuition. It is not astonishing that this placed him at a disadvantage.

Despite this, the two family doctors who saw him regularly were well satisfied with his progress.

There was every reason to believe that as time went on he would outgrow his original disability.

Whatever fond hopes were nursed by his devoted mother, he was suddenly and unexpectedly again suspended from school. The authorities now hinted at "special treatment."

In an interview with Mrs. Vincent, mention was made of a boarding school in beautiful surroundings, where children played games, received adequate teaching, and proper medical treatment.

This, it was said, would cost but a small weekly contribution.

Ready to test any remedy that would

benefit her son, Mrs. Vincent consulted her doctors, who advised that, at any rate, the experiment was certainly worth while.

Gordon was taken to Lingfield Epileptic Colony, and a promise was extracted from Mr. Vincent that the lad should not be visited for a period of six weeks.

During this anxious time of waiting the parents were alarmed to receive notification that the fits were now of almost daily occurrence!

When his mother was at last permitted to see him, it was quite evident that instead of benefiting at the institution he had suffered a bad reverse.

Mrs. Vincent's distress may be imagined, especially when she saw that her son was among mental defectives, some of whom were very bad cases indeed.

A request that she should be allowed to have her boy home for Christmas

being refused, Mrs. Vincent decided to fight for his release.

It dawned upon her that in consenting to this disastrous experiment she had signed away her son's freedom until he reached the age of sixteen years; that he was destined for a period of incarceration lasting at least six years.

Every mother in the land will applaud Mrs. Vincent's next action. Meeting with blank refusal from the authorities, she decided to take the law into her own hands and claim her boy forthwith. An hour later Gordon was safely within the four walls of his own home.

## Tragic confirmation

An examination by his doctors confirmed that his condition was far worse than it had been when he went away.

The London specialist's original opinion that Gordon would not benefit by association with mental defectives had been tragically confirmed!

Within a few days Mrs. Vincent received a letter from the Acton Education Committee, strongly reprimanding her for her action in taking her boy home.

A day or two later she was summoned to appear before the magistrates.

Under the impression that it was merely necessary to explain the truth to convince the authorities that her act was justified by results, she did not, on this occasion, consult a solicitor.

She was directed to surrender her son in accordance with section 54 of the Education Act of 1920. Her husband was ordered to contribute to his maintenance.

A solicitor who then took up the case on the Vincents' behalf, lodged an appeal at a cost of £12 12s., but then found that no hearing could be obtained because no conviction had been recorded.

The authorities were then asked to consider the facts of the case, but refused.

When it became clear that the mother had no intention of surrendering her boy the authorities tried other means of persuasion. They assured her that a cot was being reserved for her son at the Lingfield Epileptic Colony at a cost of 25s. a week.

## No excuse

It only remains to say that for no lad in the country is a cot in such an institution less needed. In no case has taxpayers' money been more foolishly squandered.

That Mrs. Vincent is wise in standing firm is evidenced by the fact that her son's condition has improved miraculously since he returned home.

He has the best of medical attention and is being privately educated. There is every reason to believe that he will become normal in every way.

But there can be no excuse for the persistent refusal of the authorities to consider these facts, or for their stubborn desire to repeat an experiment which has already proved a failure.

## DARK MEDICAL CROOK

**W**E commend to the notice of the British Medical Council the operations of an audacious trickster who is misusing the good names of established doctors to further his own criminal ends.

His methods are simple but effective, and in the London districts where he has been active of late he has claimed numerous victims among surgical instrument manufacturers and dealers in medical supplies.

He works by formula, his first consideration being to familiarise himself with the movements and habits of some practising physician.

Then, having marked down a certain firm for his prey, he drives up to its premises in a hired car and, impersonat-

ing the physician, places a big order for professional equipment.

He asks that the account shall be forwarded to him, and has the goods conveyed to his waiting car. By the time the account is rendered to the genuine doctor, the impostor has successfully covered up his tracks.

\* \* \*

This anonymous trickster has repeated this fraud on numerous occasions of late, but all that is known of him is that he is a man of about forty years of age, slimly built, and with a "professional air."

We hope his present campaign of fraud will soon be brought to an end.





## A Mother speaks —

"It may interest you to know that my baby, now three months old, was given up by two doctors when a fortnight old. They told me there was no hope on account of him being very poorly developed. We tried two different kinds of food, but still he cried, so my neighbour told me to get a tin of Nestlé's Milk—she would pay for it. I got a tin; the first feed he had he slept six hours without stirring, and from then onward he has gained. At three months old weighs 12 lbs. If you think it would benefit any mother to publish this, you are quite at liberty."

Mrs. J. G. W. . . . , WESTON-SUPER-MARE

# NESTLÉ'S MILK

*The originals of hundreds of letters from mothers may be seen at Nestlé's office. Gratitude only has prompted them: never, never have Nestlé's asked for them.*



*"it never disagrees"*

COPYRIGHT



## of the PLAYGROUND

**C**HILDREN'S games appear harmless enough until a spirit of daring creeps into the play; then there is danger of serious accident. Young limbs are easily broken, and a vigorous child cannot always be watched.

Parents should remember that JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance covers not only husband and wife but also their children of over six and under fifteen as well. No additional registration is required to take advantage of this great boon.

## Many Cheques paid to Parents

During week ending June 24 alone no fewer than 128 cheques were paid on account of children's accidents, and the huge number of 2,019 payments under this benefit alone have been made since the beginning of the year.

No wonder parents are glad that JOHN BULL took the precaution to include the children in its wonderful scheme of free insurance. Sign the Registration Form now if you have not already done so.

## Holiday Concession

Registered readers of JOHN BULL will continue to be covered by this, the greatest of all Free Family Insurance, while holiday-making anywhere in Great Britain, Ireland and the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man for a period of fourteen days.

The only condition is that in the event of a claim arising they will be required to show that they purchased JOHN BULL while on holiday, and that before leaving home they left instructions with their regular newsagent to restart delivery immediately on their return.

"John Bull" is the ONLY paper to cover you against Sickness and to provide benefits for Fire, Storm and Flood damage!

### FREE to SMOKERS! A 22 Gn. Pye Model Radio

To introduce Virgin Gold Tobacco, a beautiful 22 Gn. Pye Model 6 Valve Superheterodyne Radio is offered, free, for the best and snappiest alternative last line to the Limerick appearing in the advertisement on p. 14. You can send as many entries as you like—each must be accompanied by a label from Virgin Gold Tobacco. See advertisement for further particulars.

Every man who smokes should turn to page 14!

### JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!

**JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.** VALUE **3D**  
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

*Cash the Coupon!*

### JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.  
J.B. 8/7/33

CUT HERE

### Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department,  
122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature .....

Age .....

Address .....

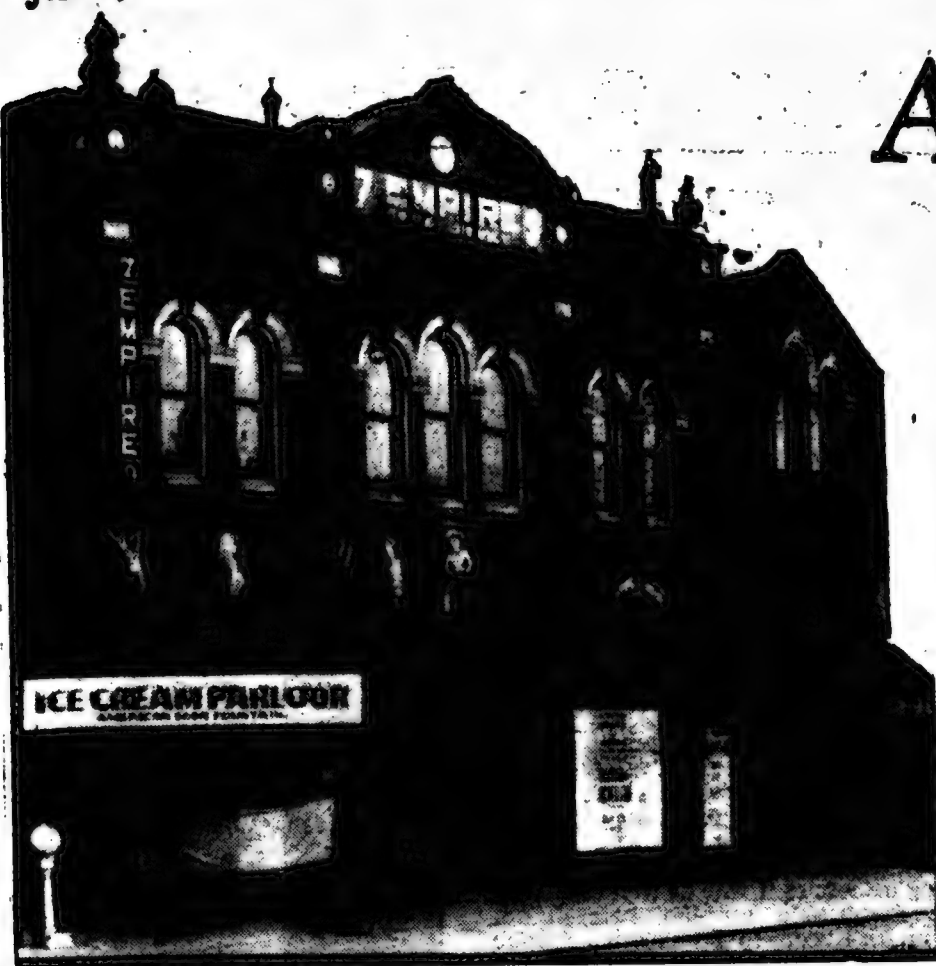
Name and Address of Newsagent .....

Date .....

Use 3d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 3d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 8/7/33



# A SCOUNDREL THEATRE BOSS



The fact that he had been able to secure a lease of this old-established theatre was sufficient to impress Bancroft's investor-dupes

**H**OW the glamour of theatre-land can be manipulated as an asset in the schemes of a rogue!

With an established theatre in a first-class town as a business address, much may be done in the way of sharp and shady practices.

One discreditable fellow, who has recently adopted a theatrical background for his monetary manipulations, is a man by the name of Bancroft.

He has selected respectable, fashionable Harrogate—the famous Yorkshire spa, which is justly jealous of its reputation—as the centre of his latest activities.

We are glad to be able to tell the readers of JOHN BULL the whole truth about Bancroft.

He is a thorough-paced and mean scoundrel, who has dabbled in all manner of frauds during his unsavoury career.

His latest undertaking in Harrogate illustrates the ease with which a man, who has been through the hands of the police and in prison, can re-open in a new line and impose on the public.

## Old, old story

Bancroft in the past has described himself as a company promoter and accountant. Now he adds the title of theatre lessee.

Recently Bancroft—with a partner named Selwyn Shaw—took over the Empire Theatre, Harrogate.

A fine-sounding title for a place of amusement in a fine town—the Empire, Harrogate, conjures up the picture of a spacious theatre. Actually, it is rather a small place.

Once Bancroft was in possession of the Empire, Harrogate, he began his campaign to capture easy money.

Advertisements appeared in a Yorkshire evening newspaper for a smart man as assistant manager. A small cash security was asked; good wages were promised, and no previous experience was required.

The old, old story! Men who answered the advertisement in good faith were interviewed, and glowing prospects held out to them by Bancroft—the talking member of the theatrical partnership.

But all that Bancroft really wanted from the prospective assistant managers was their cash security. Ready money was the essential.

Once the cash was paid over, the

newly engaged assistants found, after a short time, that their services were not required. They were dismissed for some reason or other, without pay and without the return of their deposit.

Incredible hardship has been suffered by some of Bancroft's unfortunate dupes.

The case of Anthony Hayes, a young head waiter, shows the harm that Bancroft can do, and the distress which follows in his train.

## Theatre magnate!

Hayes has been out of employment for several months. He has searched day in and out for any kind of job by which he can maintain his family in their one-room home.

He saw the advertisement, and thought "Here is a chance for me." He had saved a few pounds which he was ready to use as a security.

So he made application, and, in due course, received a letter asking him to call at the Empire Theatre. There he saw Bancroft and his partner, Selwyn Shaw.

Hayes was asked to find the sum of £50 as security on the ground that the takings at the theatre averaged between £60 and £80 a week, and therefore a substantial guarantee was needed from an assistant manager.

Airily, Bancroft—the spokesman at the interview—talked about his work as a company promoter. He spoke about a chain of theatres which was to be acquired in the North of England; and explained that an assistant manager was required to look after the Empire so that he and his partner might be free to supervise their larger undertakings.

## Gracious gesture

Naturally, Anthony Hayes, the waiter, was impressed. "Here is a real job which will last," he said to himself. "With a job like this I shall be able to look after the kiddies at home properly."

But £50 as security was impossible for Hayes. He offered £20. Graciously, Bancroft waived the £50. The £20 would be enough.

Believing all he had heard from Bancroft, young Hayes walked out to collect £20. He drew all his savings. He borrowed here and there from friends until he had £17 10s.—but that was the final limit of his resources and assistance.

With the £17 10s.—all the money he

could gather in this world—he went again to the theatre. He confessed that he could not find the full £20, but would work a week for

nothing to make up the amount. He was taken on and began his duties as assistant manager of the Empire Theatre, Harrogate.

At the end of a fortnight the ex-head waiter asked for his wages. He received nothing. Later he was told that he must leave. He protested and requested the return of his deposit. This was refused.

Since then Anthony Hayes has been struggling in desperation to keep his home going and to feed his children. He has lost his savings and the money he borrowed and undertook to return.

The only remedy for him was to proceed in the local county court for the refunding of his deposit. This he did, suing Selwyn Shaw as the licensee of the theatre.

An order was made for the payment of £25 to Hayes—the deposit he had given plus two weeks' wages, and costs in addition. The judge declared that he refrained from making any comment on the circumstances in which Hayes had been engaged seeing that the defendant had accepted liability.

At the same session of the county court two judgment summonses against Bancroft were heard, and there is likely to be another court sequel to his theatrical partnership.

Who is this man Bancroft, who appears in the varied characters of company promoter, accountant and theatrical producer?

## The cat's-paw

He is the real villain of the piece. Selwyn Shaw has unknowingly been used as his cat's-paw, and by now regrets his partnership.

Shaw was necessary to Bancroft in his Empire Theatre venture, for Bancroft—known as he is to the police—could never have been granted a transfer of the licence of the theatre.

But with regard to Shaw everything was in order, and the licence was issued in his name without difficulty. All the time, Bancroft operated in the background.

The full name of this rogue is Harry Brice Bancroft. Sometimes for his convenience, and because of his record, he passes as Harry Brice or as

Harry B. Bancroft.

His audacity is revealed by the fact that during his term at the Empire Theatre he has negotiated with several victims at the same time, playing them carefully and well.

Actually, on one day, two separate receipts were given to two separate applicants for the post of assistant manager at the theatre. Both men paid deposits as security!

More than that—during one period there were three different assistant managers on duty. Each had paid money for the appointment.

## Bad record

It must have been an interesting moment behind the scenes when the three assistant managers met, and made the discovery that they had been duped.

The notoriety of Harry Brice Bancroft extends far afield from Harrogate. Facts to his detriment are known at Knutsford, Leeds, Grimsby and Derby.

He has been mixed up with various undertakings; a painting and decorating business and the motor trade, as well as his theatrical speculation.

It is a favourite scheme of his to offer a share in a business, or a position, for a money payment. Then by some excuse—which may come just within the bounds of the law—he ends the engagement. Bancroft takes the money; his victims are left stranded.

Four times this man has been sent to jail on charges of obtaining money by false pretences, for fraud or conspiracy. He has been punished by three terms of eighteen months' imprisonment.

Among his convictions is one for obtaining the sum of half-a-crown by false pretences. He has been fined, too, as a "drunk and disorderly."

Truly a nice person to have joint control of a theatre! It is to be hoped that this exposure will put an effective stop to his activities in this direction and save other unemployed men from falling into his snares.

## Black-Edged SYSTEM

**W**RITING on black-edged postcards, a person calling himself T. N. Hughes, of 50, Clements Road, Ilford, is inviting people to investigate "something that will show a profit of 1 1/2 per cent. per day, or £9 a week on each £100 of capital."

He says it is a new idea and has nothing to do with the Turf, Stock Exchange, football or greyhounds.

It is his intention to form a small private syndicate, or partnership, with £2,000 capital, some of which has already been negotiated. And he wished to impress upon applicants that his proposal is genuine.

There was something so familiar about the black-edged postcards that we decided to take Mr. Hughes at his word and investigate his proposition.

It appears that he has invented an infallible system which he proposes to try out at Continental casinos.

As recompense for his trouble and for providing the system, he would take 50 per cent. of the winnings for him-

self and divide the balance among other members of the syndicate in proportion to their holdings.

He is full of facts and figures, and graciously volunteers the information that he is selling out his existing business as a builder and contractor with the intention of taking a larger interest in the new syndicate.

But there is one thing he does not reveal.

He does not tell applicants that he was seeking investors in much the same fashion as far back as March, 1931.

But he was then known as Edward C. Hennequin and suggesting that an investment of £200 would bring in £24 a week, while £1,000 would yield £192 weekly. And he then professed to have a system for backing racing favourites!

It cannot have been such a good system after all or he would surely not have abandoned the Turf for the Tables!

Black-edged stationery was a feature of his offers then, so perhaps he is in perpetual mourning for lost hopes!



# "John Bull" reveals the astor Hitler's R

**A** CLEAR but cold night last February. In the Litzengerstrasse, in the fashionable quarter of Berlin, luxurious cars have driven up all the evening to a magnificent modern building, blazing with light from every window.

Everyone who matters in Berlin society has come—stately countesses, haughty princesses, laughing debutantes, with military officers, not in the old imperial red and gold uniforms, but in the more workaday but ultra-fashionable yellow and brown of the Nazis—for Adolf Hitler, ex-house painter, is now Chancellor of Germany.

The crowd of lesser folk on the pavement gaze at the dresses and jewels, but it is not wealth they are envying to-night. "They are going to hear Hanussen," the crowd murmurs, longing to be going too. And in the chatter of the arriving guests you would have heard the same name on every lip—Hanussen.

"What do you think he will tell us?" asks a lovely girl in expensive furs, with a shiver of anticipation. "That Hitler will keep power, I hope," says her escort gravely.

Crowd and guests have no doubt that whatever Hanussen says will come true. Has he not prophesied amazing things, all of which have happened? Did he not foresee that Hitler would be Chancellor when nearly everyone else thought him a joke or a nuisance?

This February night is the peak of the triumph of the strange man who has stirred Germany by his uncanny gifts, whom foreign diplomats watch anxiously, whose hold over Hitler is said to be complete.

## Hungry crowd

Hitler, they say, will do nothing without consulting Hanussen. His newspaper, the *Hanussen Bunter Wochenschau*, is read by thousands, and the prophecies each issue contains are implicitly believed. Count Helldorf, one of the most powerful intimates of Hitler, is his closest friend; his wife an aristocrat.

And to-night, the opening of the Palast Mystike, of which the decoration of one room alone cost 100,000 marks, is the visible sign of an amazing success.

All the guests have arrived. The doors are closed. But the crowd still lingers. It is waiting for the guests to come out, when perhaps it may be possible to catch some hint of what Magician Hanussen has said.

Cold and starving, frightened by the prospects of yet another revolution, the crowd hungers more for some word of reassurance from the great man's lips than for the broken meats from his luxurious table.

No one expects that the reception will be over until the early hours of the morning, but long before then the doors open and the fashionable people emerge for their cars.

Something has happened. . . .

The groups that went in with laughter come out in silence, hardly daring to look at each other. They drive away quickly. The lights in the Palast Mystike are put out. The crowd round the doors is left to wonder what can have happened. What has Hanussen, Germany's super-magician, told to Berlin's super-society? Evidently they are not pleased.

Three days later the great Reichstag building, the Parliament of the German Empire, goes up in flames. Hitler declares that the fire is the

work of Communists, and a terror of beating and killing of Communists, Socialists and Jews is let loose on Berlin in revenge.

But those who had been at the Palast Mystike that night only speak of what they heard there behind their own closed doors. For Hanussen had foretold the burning of a great house, and the terrible consequences that would follow. Did he know that because he was in Hitler's confidence, or because he could really foretell the future? Berlin society waited to see what would happen.

## Strange powers

Soon it began to be whispered that Hanussen was really a Jew, whose real name was Steinschneider. In the Berlin of March, 1933, disgrace or even death awaited any Jew presumptuous enough to be prominent. Could Hitler forgive this in his favourite?

To understand the tragedy that followed we must go back thirty years to a little village in Galicia where a very orthodox Polish Jew was angry with a lazy son. The son would not learn his father's business, but he had learned the Talmud eagerly enough, and listened to the quaint old wisdom of the East, which the ancient Jewish teacher taught in the synagogue school.

"I won't be a tailor. I will be a rich man," he replied angrily to his father's reproaches. His father never saw him again.

He was next heard of in Russia—the land of Rasputin. His name was now Hanussen. Somehow in the interval he had discovered strange powers in himself. He found that he really could read the thoughts that were passing in simple people's minds; that he had the trick of hypnotism.

## Tsar's fate foretold

In Southern Europe at this time, just before the War, there was a famous strong man who could break thick chains with his bare hands. Hanussen boasted that he could cause a young girl to do the same thing by his hypnotic powers—and he did.

Passing through Kiev, when Hanussen was with a circus there, the Tsar heard of him, and sent for him to foretell the future. What happened at that strange interview between a circus fortune-teller and the Emperor of Russia no one knew at the time. Hanussen found it safer to leave Kiev that night, for Rasputin's friends in the imperial circle would brook no rival soothsayer.

But in later years Hanussen used to boast that he had foretold that the Tsar would lose both a war and his crown, and that a greater Tsar would arise to rule in Russia.

During the War Hanussen was a private in the Austrian army, and made full use of his powers to get a "cushy billet." His hold over his immediate superior officers was complete. If Hanussen said "Don't march," nothing could make that regiment move. The authorities were powerless at the time, so uncannily

true were his prophecies, but they made it hot for him when he got to Vienna, and he was in prison there for a while.

He was ruined and desperately poor when he came out, but Central Europe at that time proved fruitful soil for his queer gifts. With starvation, blockade, revolution and violence everywhere, the people would believe anything.

Soon Hanussen's fame spread throughout Southern Germany. He was even used by courts of justice and the police in criminal cases. If Hanussen said you were guilty there was not much chance of your avoiding prison, so it was as well to ensure a favourable opinion beforehand, and the road to Hanussen's favour led through the prophet's pocket.

But Hanussen was looking for bigger game. Ever since that strange meeting with the Tsar at Kiev, he had been ambitious to play Rasputin to whatever Tsar would accept his services—but Tsars were not plentiful in the Europe of 1923.

Was it as a business man (for he had all the good business instincts of his race) or as a clairvoyant that Hanussen realised the possibilities in the Nazi movement? When few people believed in Hitler, Hanussen prophesied his coming glory at every seance, and foretold his power in every issue of the Hanussen weekly paper. It would be hard to overestimate the help that the magician, far better known to millions of Germans than Hitler was, gave to the Nazi cause by his steady support.

But the other side was watching to catch him. The prophet was accused of being a swindler, and was prosecuted at Leitmeritz. Hanussen had his back to the wall. Years of prison lay in front of him as he faced his hostile judges. There was only one way of escape—to prove his gifts.

Singling out a stranger in the court, he told the woman's life in such detail that she fainted. He then offered to perform a similar service for any or all of his judges. The judges hastily agreed that the proof he had already given was sufficient. Amid wild scenes of enthusiasm, Hanussen walked triumphant out of the hands of his enemies.

## Women devotees

There was no stopping him now. He became the close friend and trusted counsellor of Hitler, always a very superstitious man.

When Hitler came to Berlin as leader of a great private army of Nazis, Hanussen came too. The German Rasputin had found his Tsar, and he played the part to the full.

The most exclusive Berlin society

was at his feet. One of the greatest of the former royal ladies became his close friend, and consulted him frequently in the deepest secrecy. Other Berlin *grandes dames* did not trouble to hide their association with him. Young and beautiful society women boasted of his temporary love for them.

Hanussen the mag prophet Hitler a Reichstag paid wit





he astounding story of—

# RASPUTIN



One of the greatest  
ladies became his  
consulted him fre-  
pest secrecy. Other  
ones did not trouble  
ociation with him.  
ful society women  
emporary love for

Hanussen the hypnotist—Hanussen  
the magician — Hanussen the  
prophet who foretold the rise of  
Hitler and the burning of the  
Reichstag—Hanussen the man who  
paid with his life for the folly of  
saying too much

Even in the Berlin of the last two  
years, the orgies in the "consulting"  
rooms of Hanussen became notorious.  
Money flowed into his pockets. The  
illustrated papers published photo-  
graphs of the wonders of his yacht,  
his country villa, his house in  
town.

A Berlin film star, now in Paris,

told the writer of  
her one visit to  
a Hanussen  
party. The  
guests on this  
occasion were all  
young women—  
about a dozen  
beautiful girls.

One by one  
they succumbed  
to Hanussen's  
hypnotic power,  
and for the  
amusement of  
those who still  
retained their  
normal senses,  
and one or two  
privileged males  
who remained in  
the shadowy  
background,  
these girls were  
made, by sug-  
gestion, to  
assume the most  
humiliating pos-  
tures. There were  
roars of laugh-  
ter at each un-  
conscious victim  
—yet the other  
girls clamoured

to be the next "to go under  
the influence."

Only the film star remained  
disgusted, and refused to be hypno-  
tised. Yet she was not sworn to  
secrecy in any way. Hanussen was  
either indifferent to the gossip  
growing round him—or regarded it  
as a good advertisement.

There were whispers of darker  
things, of nights when high officers  
of the Nazi Storm Troops sought re-  
laxation in a certain villa rented by  
Hanussen, which no woman entered,  
and where champagne and schnapps  
were served by handsome young  
boys. The flagellation of these boys  
was one of the milder amusements  
which were provided for these privi-  
leged guests.

## Warped genius

But no scandal seemed able to  
break the power of this German  
Rasputin. So long as the steady  
flow of prophecies of Hitler's triumph  
continued, Hanussen's place in the  
innermost Nazi circles remained un-  
assailable. Count Helldorf, with his  
control over a special guard of the  
gangster-type of Nazi, made short  
work of anyone who opposed his  
friend and favourite.

One great lady, bitterly ashamed  
of the control which Hanussen had  
obtained over her husband and the  
fairest of her woman friends, said  
angrily at a "Kaffee" given by a  
friend of the Crown Princess: "Our  
German Rasputin owes his power not  
so much to his magical gifts as to  
his genius in inventing more disgust-  
ing ways for our new Tsars to amuse  
themselves."

An unwise remark to make. The  
countess left Berlin for Paris on the  
train-de-luxe the next day, and has  
the wisdom to remain there—a beau-  
tiful and tragic figure—for nothing  
can induce her husband to leave the  
circle that surrounds Adolf Hitler.

It was in this hour of triumph that  
Hanussen began to build his luxu-

rious Palast Mystike, intended to be  
the permanent symbol of his great  
influence.

To-day it stands empty, a mocking  
memorial to human vanity.

The bills for it are not paid. No  
more parties. No more comes Han-  
ussen. His name is never mentioned  
now in the society that once fawned  
to hear his most casual remarks.

The night of the great reception  
of February 26 had sealed his  
doom. He had offended against  
the secret code of the Nazi order. He  
had prophesied that which must not  
be prophesied. He had given the  
impression that the Nazi leaders  
knew that the Reichstag was going  
up in flames.

If that came to be believed, what  
would happen to the elaborate case  
against the Communists for having  
set fire to it, the indignation against  
which gave to the Nazi chiefs the  
excuse for their subsequent acts?

Hanussen must have realised, as  
his fashionable audience melted  
away that night, that he had gone  
too far, but, like his prototype, Ras-  
putin, he attempted to carry it off  
with insolence. After the fire he  
wrote boastfully, "I knew the Reich-  
stag would burn, but I was not  
allowed to publish it." His friends  
were silent. They knew he was  
doomed.

## Murdered!

The week after, Hanussen was ap-  
pearing each night for a short turn  
for an enormous fee at the Scala, the  
fashionable variety theatre of  
Berlin's West End. One evening the  
curtain rose, but instead of the great  
Hanussen, the manager came for-  
ward. He was full of apologies.

Herr Hanussen had been to the  
theatre, but had to return home. He  
had been taken suddenly ill. He  
hoped to be able to appear the next  
evening. Meanwhile, would the  
audience show their sympathy by  
remaining for the rest of the pro-  
gramme?

The audience stayed, but Hanussen  
was to appear on no stage again.  
Three days later the Berlin papers  
published a short paragraph which  
stated that the body of a man,  
pierced with bullets, had been found  
in the forest near Berlin, and that  
the police had reason to believe that  
the body was that of Hanussen.

Headlines screaming across the  
front page of every paper in Ger-  
many would have been barely ade-  
quate for such sensational news—  
before the Nazis came to power and  
took full control of the Press. Under  
that control only a five-line para-  
graph was allowed. The fall of the  
German Rasputin was complete.

Will the actual facts of how he  
died ever leak out, as the dramatic  
details of the murder of the Russian  
Rasputin became known?

All that is known for certain so  
far is that Nazi Storm Troops of the  
Special Guard came to the theatre  
and arrested Hanussen actually in  
the wings of the theatre as he was  
preparing to go on the stage. That  
was the last time he was seen alive  
by other than Nazi eyes.

## Knew too much

Queer events followed the fall of  
the favourite.

Count Helldorf, his greatest friend,  
who confidently expected to be made  
police chief of Berlin, and who was  
the chief rival to Captain Goering,  
has now a minor post as police chief  
of Potsdam—the area in which Han-  
ussen's body was found. He evi-  
dently knows too much to be dis-  
missed altogether, but politically he  
is dead. If he makes any move to  
tell what he knows his actual death  
would cause no surprise to anyone.

Did Helldorf know that the Reich-

(Continued at foot of next page)



## DOG SCRATCHING



**because you forgot to condition him.**

There are some who believe that dogs scratch themselves without cause, and keep on scratching just from habit. Such people know very little about dogs.

A dog scratches himself only when he is suffering acute pain and discomfort—a prickly sensation under the skin caused by an accumulation of impurities in the blood. He will stop scratching as soon as you purify his blood with a course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders. Do it now, and see for yourself the happy relief you give to your dog.

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7/8  
Fits any Cycle Complete with 3 battery cells.

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JOHN BULL

## Readers' Stories-43

**E**VERY time I read a report of an air crash I shudder.

It seems that I shall never escape the haunting memory of those fearful few minutes when I once faced death in a blazing passenger plane. Doctors have professed themselves unable to help me; my friends, in conversation, studiously avoid anything to do with aviation; yet release from the past is still impossible.

For some time the news of one recent crash was concealed from me—until I casually chanced to see an old newspaper at a friend's house.

I do not know even now how I got back to my home. I wandered about for hours, while again and again the retrospective film of my escape rushed through my mind. I did not become aware of the doings of ordinary life again until the following day.

Perhaps you will think me a nervous wreck. If I am in such a plight, it is not without reason. But these thoughts in my mind cannot longer be endured. Let me set down all that I remember. Possibly, as in the past, the sweeping out of my mind will afford comfort.

It happened seven years ago to the

fiantly to her son. "Nothing can or will coax me to go up!" And nothing would move her from her course.

Looking back, I see that she of all the passengers felt the menace of impending doom. She alone "had a premonition." Yet, as I say, I smiled.

Even in those days air travel seemed to me the safest and most convenient form of transport, and my business had compelled me to take the Washington-New Orleans trip so many times before that the possibility of an accident seemed absurd. When danger is not immediately before his nose, man feels as immune as a god.

**S**O I took my seat without any forebodings. Even the omen of thirteen people aboard passed unheeded. There was the steward cutting sandwiches at his little table at the rear beside the luggage cabin, the pilot and his assistant and ten passengers.

We sat back in wicker chairs, five on either side of the gangway, and waved to the aerodrome officials, as, with a roar, the machine slid forward. The day was perfect. What could go amiss?

Washington rolled away to the north and the plantation land crept nearer. Foremost towards the pilot, a mother

American machine, the "Homing Pigeon," engaged on the route between Washington and New Orleans. Seven long years ago, yet still I tremble at the thought of it. But no side-tracking.

Death came out of a cloudless sky, striking in the sunlight above a still world, where stirred hardly a breeze. The weather report at the aerodrome was as excellent as it could be, and I remember smiling to myself at the action of an old lady, who, at the very last moment, refused to go aboard.

"No," she said defiantly to her son. "Nothing can or will coax me to go up!" And nothing would move her from her course.

Looking back, I see that she of all the passengers felt the menace of impending doom. She alone "had a premonition." Yet, as I say, I smiled.

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Washington rolled away to the north and the plantation land crept nearer. Foremost towards the pilot, a mother

# FIRE!

pointed out details of the scenery to her twelve-year-old girl on the other side of the gangway. Behind them a middle-aged married couple gazed abstractedly out.

In the third row, a honeymoon couple giggled and whispered—or, perhaps, I should say, "shouted close to one another," for the noise of the engines forbade conversation.

Once again I smiled to myself as I watched them, for the elderly lady had been accompanying them, and I deemed that they found her "premonition" most convenient and pleasant.

**B**EHIND them, again, sat two business men—one reading a newspaper, the other imbibing a soft drink and gazing stolidly out. Then, on my left, was an oldish gentleman on his first flight. To the fact that we two sat nearest the door we owe our very lives.

Perhaps this description bores you. I want to bore you. I want you to realise the commonplace appearance of everything just before the accident that shocked America took place. As the morning slipped away we all grew drowsy and dozed. Even the child lost her first alert interest in the variegated world beneath.

Once the mechanic came out of the pilot's cabin, and we caught a glimpse of that official boxed in by glass, headphones on head, calmly talking to the earth 5,000 ft below. The speedometer above the cabin door wavered between eighty and ninety miles an hour.

And then suddenly a lurch sent the steward staggering into the old gentleman's lap. "I beg your pardon," he exclaimed; "an air pocket!"

He was wrong. The next instant a wreath of smoke crept through the cabin door. Even then it did not occur to me that anything was amiss. I took it for gasoline smoke. Not until the mother started up did I realise anything was amiss.

The steward rushed forward. "All right, ma'am; nothing to be alarmed about!" Again he was wrong. The door of the pilot's cabin opened and acrid smoke gushed out, setting us coughing, choking, gasping. The mechanic stood there, apparently calm, but we had all started up.

"Nothing to worry about! Will you please all get to the back of the plane?"

It happened in a flash. The elderly married couple had moved into the gangway and were jostling the honeymooners. The steward had leapt over their empty chairs, and was turning a handle that opened the emergency door in the roof. The two business men

## HITLER'S RASPUTIN—Continued from page 19

stag would burn? Was it he who told Hanussen? Others who were believed to know the truth about the fire are already dead. One of them, Dr. Bell, former aide-de-camp to Captain Röhm, Chief of Staff of the Nazi Storm Troops, was killed as he tried to cross the Austrian frontier with that dangerous knowledge, it is said, in his possession.

There is a mysterious document going the rounds which very prominent men in Herr von Papen's party are said to know something about, which very privileged foreign journalists have seen, but which has never been published—yet.

Other strange secrets of Hanussen's life are slowly coming to light.

It is now known that he was regularly blackmailing the chief German newspapers, threatening them with even closer control than their Nazi "commissar" exercised over them if they did not pay up. Most of them paid, but not all.

One editor, who got on very well with the Nazi officer put in to supervise

everything that went into the paper, told this officer the whole story. But this officer had himself borrowed money from Hanussen. Was he afraid of his own position?

Had he anything to do with those guards who appeared so suddenly in the wings of the Scala Theatre?

It is now known that Hanussen himself was being blackmailed by persons who had discovered his most closely kept secret—his Jewish origin. Men and women might threaten to reveal the truth about his orgies—that meant nothing in the hectic Berlin of 1932-3. But to be a Jew! Hanussen knew the penalty and paid accordingly.

How the secret was kept so long is thus explained. Towards the end he was being bled white, and that drove him to the reckless blackmail of others who could hit back—and did.

That is why Herzschnmann Steinschneider, alias Hanussen, once the favourite of princesses, and the acknowledged power behind Hitler's precarious

throne, now lies in a nameless police grave, at the age of forty-four.

Was he all charlatan?

That, like the Rasputin whom in his youth he had envied, and in his success copied, he had extraordinary gifts of telepathy, animal magnetism and hypnotism is undoubted. Even his bitterest enemies, like the exiled Countess von B., have admitted the overwhelming power of his dark eyes, the hypnotic touch of his strong fingers. Unlike Rasputin, who with all his wickedness remained something of a religious mystic, Hanussen had all the scepticism of his highly intellectual race.

Hysterical, defeated Germany gave him his chance; the dark secret of his race proved his undoing. He could not afford to go as far as Rasputin—but he went further!

Meanwhile his friends and patrons, perhaps his murderers, remain in power. In this queer world of surprises, one wonders what their fate will be? There is no Hanussen now to tell them.



# -in Mid-Air!



"The man beside me had caught at the steward's table. It gave way and he fell back past me"

and my hands swung out and instinctively caught the door-handle.

The man beside me had caught at the steward's table. It gave way beneath his hands and he fell back past me. I saw his eyes wildly rolling. I heard his bull-like shrieks of terror.

He crashed against the door of the luggage cabin and it gave way. A storm of trunks and parcels swept out, breaking my hold for an instant, obliterating everything else from my eyes.

One was struggling, desperately struggling, as if they were live things, with suit-cases and sacks.

We were falling for hours, it seemed, though but a few seconds passed in

reality. I doubt whether anyone thought of death as being nearer than ever before in their lives, or had any thought of the crash that would come when we hit the earth.

I was a dying man then, if ever, yet no memories of my past life rose before me. There was no conscious thought at all, only a crackling jigsaw of fire and smoke and crazy movement.

I NO longer was aware of my fellow-passengers or of any pain, though my wrist was dislocated and my leg broken. My one thought was: "Hold on! Hold on!"

And then, astoundingly enough, I grasped hold of the door again. One lurch opened it and swept me back. Another lurch of the machine sent me tumbling out, flying down through space. Even now one felt no pain or thought of death. Down...

I opened my eyes, and they told me to lie still, and presently they told me what had happened. The plane had crashed near Danville.

Fearfully I enquired after my passenger companions. The two business men were in beds near me, suffering from burns, but they had managed somehow to get through the emergency exit and make a parachute descent.

The old gentleman had had a remarkable escape, for, cut off from the fire in the luggage cabin, he was bounced about like an egg in a box until the wreck met the earth, and then he crawled away, crying for help.

The little girl had been pushed from the plane by the steward, and, as with the bride, she made a successful descent to earth.

All the others died. Yes, the writing of it down has eased me somewhat, though perhaps tomorrow the horror will scream through my mind again. I know that I am safe—I am even able to reason that flying is still the safest form of transport—yet memory overcomes logic.

The drone of a machine in the air is sufficient to stir my nerves to a tremble and my voice to a stammer.

NEXT WEEK:—"Five Years in Broadmoor"—An authentic picture of life within the walls of this famous criminal lunatic asylum.

were standing aside for the young couple.

I believe our sensibilities were stretched to their utmost. How otherwise could I have heard the voice of the child, shrill above the engines? "Oh, ma, water!"

Water! I don't know whether anybody else realised it, but the water was gasoline, a snake-like trail of danger creeping across the floor. I raised my voice to shout.

Before I could speak—holocaust! A sheet of flame from the cabin, a swift tilt of the plane. God help me, the mother flared.

Her screams pierced like steel daggers, banished from our minds all thought of the pilot trapped there in the cabin, tapping out—as I afterwards learned—a Morse death-cry to the earth.

The mechanic had grabbed a fire extinguisher from its bracket. The newly-married man ceased to help his beloved with her parachute safety belt, but tore off his overcoat and tried to wrap it about the mother. The child was screaming; the elderly woman, with eyes astare, was waving her hands madly and shouting.

And that Thing at the head of the seats leapt dreadfully up and down, dashing itself against the wall, sending flame out to all of us, making sounds that echo in my ears to this day.

THE emergency door had been opened and the draught aggravated the flame. Everything was confusedly jumbled. The man next to me was calling out senseless things—praying, I believe.

I was beating my hands up and down on the chair before me, hardly knowing it at the time. One of the business men was dashing fire off his coat, and the other was handing the little girl up to the steward.

It still seems a miracle to me that she had escaped the inferno that streaked up to her mother. Someone was bawling "Parachutes! Parachutes!" Although they hung from racks immediately above us, only the honeymooners seem to have considered them.

The child was through the roof; I had seized a safety-belt. The plane was now entirely out of control, pitching and tossing from side to side, sending us rolling and bumping in all directions. It was actually all over in a split second. I think that the screams of

the mother had now ceased. The further end of the plane was a blaze of fire, in which nothing was distinguishable.

Mercifully, for we could not have saved them, we had all forgotten that the mechanic and the young husband were there, as well as the mother and the pilot.

Then the machine tilted nose downwards in a last dive, and we were all swept off our feet towards those roaring, crackling, searing flames. We all shouted, dreadfully. There was no room or time now for fine chivalry.

Everything was madly jumbled, but I remember that the steward tumbled from his perch. I saw a parachuted business man clinging to a rack. Somehow, as I slid, the chairs snared my feet

## SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips." When the same slip is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—"The Mayor said 'Get away from this sort of thing. AMBLING is no good to anybody.'"

DERBY JOURNAL:—"The GLOOM on the fruit trees this year far exceeds anything ever seen before."

EVENING EXPRESS:—"The girls recited the 'Recessional,' and the BAG was saluted."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"BREAD-Breakfast or Board."

MAITA CHRONICLE AND IMPERIAL SERVICES GAZETTE:—"Excessive SPEECH Causes De-railment."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"The Cowes Bass Band played during the sports."

SWINDON EVENING ADVERTISER:—"A terrific farm fire which broke out in a BAR."

NORTHERN ECHO:—"Damage was caused by a fire which occurred at the fried ship and chip restaurant."

MIDLAND DAILY TRIBUNE:—"The Mayores was RESENTED with a bouquet."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"A Nottingham young woman was gallantly rescued from the RENT at Wilford Bridge."

REAL BEER  
at a 1d a pint

make  
it at  
home



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## The SECRET of the Stars

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## PHILIP INMAN discusses a Big Holiday Problem:

# Going Away with Mother

**M**Y recent article on the question, "Should a husband spend his holiday apart from his wife and family?" has brought forth a crop of counter problems. Here is a typical one:

"I am a single girl, thirty years old, and I live with my mother, who is a widow. I work in the office of a factory and I am entitled to a fortnight's holiday every year. In the past mother and I have always gone away together, but this year I thought it would be nice to have a change. I feel I want to mix with young people, and if I did this when mother was with me she would feel left out in the cold or neglected."

"My mother appeared very hurt when I suggested the idea, and asked me if I was becoming ashamed of her. It isn't that—but I feel, somehow, you will understand."

I do—thoroughly understand. There are a great many mothers who feel that they have an absolute right to all their children's time and affection. Especially does that apply when these women become widows.

Now, my readers will bear me out when I say I have always upheld that duty to one's parents is a cardinal virtue. But there is a limit. And I think it has been reached in the case under review.

**I** CONSIDER my correspondent's desire is a perfectly reasonable one. I will go further—I think it is in the mother's own interests that this daughter should escape from the ordinary "daily round and common task." Constant association between two people may lead both of them to magnify the other's faults and minimise their virtues. They learn to take too much for granted. This mother and her daughter would probably appreciate each other more after a short absence.

My readers may point out that this advice is contrary to that which I recently gave in the case of a husband and wife, when I said it was the duty of a man to spend his holiday with his family. But the two cases are not parallel.

A man chooses his wife and he vows to stick to her through thick and thin. But a daughter does not select her parents. And although she owes a duty to them, this does not mean that she must be tied to her mother's apron-strings.

Besides, a husband and wife are usually about the same age, with similar tastes and interests—otherwise, presumably, they would not have married. But this does not apply in the case of mother and daughter. "Like calleth unto like," and I am not surprised that my correspondent should wish sometimes to mix with young people.

**N**OW, I think this girl, who is of a sensible age, should adopt this attitude. She should say to her mother: "I am not ashamed of you. It isn't that at all. But it is going to do us both good to take a separate holiday. You find a friend who will go away with you, and I will do the same."

It is imperative that this girl should stick to her guns now that she has broached the subject. If she gives in and those two go away together, the mother will probably feel that her daughter is there on sufferance, and the



Says the girl: "I feel I want to mix with young people on my holiday—and so she should."

habit long continued takes a lot of breaking, and neither side has the courage to break it. My correspondent and his wife should come to this understanding with her parents: "We will spend our holidays with you one year and be left quite free to do as we wish every alternate year." I presume that those parents pass some time at the home of their daughter and son-in-law. So, in any case, they would not be completely cut off from each other.

The virtue of an arrangement of the kind I have mentioned is that the daughter fulfils her duty to her parents, while, at the same time, she achieves the laudable ambition of seeing the world and profiting as a result.

And here is another holiday problem. It comes from a man who is a husband and father. He tells me:

"For many years, and especially since the advent of the kiddies, we have been to the same place for our holidays, and the choice of a different resort which I suggest going to this year has been the cause of a most serious disagreement between my wife and myself."

"The beautiful sands and safe bathing at the place we have hitherto visited make it an ideal spot for the children. My wife, too, loves the place, and she says that we could not find another place so beneficial to the children, and that they should be our first consideration."

"But there is absolutely nothing for me to do at this place, and, because I get so bored, I feel the change does me no good. I am expected to enjoy myself because the kiddies are doing so, and to be content with a pipe and a paper on the beach."

"Because I venture to suggest another place where I can find something in the way of amusement, I am called selfish. If I go to the same old place it will mean two weeks of boredom and a longing to return to the office. If I don't agree, then it will mean constant bickering, and another resort, however nice, will be wrong because of my wife's prejudice."

This man presumably works hard all the year round, and he has as much right to a holiday as his wife or his children. If the place where he has gone for years bores him, then, quite frankly, he is not getting a square deal.

His wife calls him selfish. I rather think that this expression might be applied to her. For many years he has fallen in with her wishes. It is about time she fell in with his.

**T**HE solution, of course, lies in a happy combination of both their ideas. There are places where the two points of view can be combined and where there are equal attractions for children and grown-ups.

A holiday, if it is to be a happy one, must cater for all who are to partake of it. A bored husband will return home with a sense of grievance, and that will react upon the family life. It is therefore in the wife's own interests to consider her husband just as much as she does her children.

Perhaps it will help her, and others like her, to solve their holiday difficulties if I remind them that there are tens of thousands of folk who cannot afford a holiday at all—not even a day at the seaside. People who are more fortunate should go away—enjoy themselves—and be thankful!

### HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Philip Inman is JOHN BULL'S "Humanist," and is always anxious to help you solve the problem that is troubling you. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 ls. will be paid for each letter quoted on this page.

daughter, on her side, will resent her mother's attitude. As a result, they will both have a miserable time.

Whereas, if they can arrange to go away separately, they will have different experiences to talk over and their reunion will be all the more pleasant because of the parting.

And for my second problem let me quote the case of a young married couple. The letter comes from the husband, who writes to tell me that he has been married for three years—"happily married," he assures me:

"**M**Y wife and I are both ambitious, and we think that it is educational as well as interesting to spend our holidays abroad. During the year we economise in every possible way and do not indulge in the pleasures of most young people, so that we can save up sufficient to gratify our desire."

"Now, this is where the difficulty comes in. My parents are both dead—both my wife's are living. And they expect us to spend all our holidays with them. I must say that they live in a charming spot amidst beautiful scenery, but after a visit or two we have seen all there is to see."

"When my wife wrote to her parents a few weeks ago, saying we were hoping to spend a short time in Germany this year, her mother wrote back to say how disappointed they were. She added that, as they were growing old and would not be with us very long, she hoped we would reconsider our decision."

How many sons and daughters, whether they like it or not, are expected to spend their annual leave at the homes of their parents! In many cases it simply becomes a habit. The children feel they ought to go back to the old home. The parents think they must go on entertaining their families.

I can conceive that in many cases both sides would be only too glad to discontinue the arrangement. But a





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**B**EHIND the news that the world-famous Bow Bells, after being silent for seven years, have been re-dedicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and will chime again next Sunday, lies a deeper meaning than most people imagine.

For the first time since 1926 babies will now come into the world who will be able to boast, later on, that they are real Cockneys. Because, to be "born within sound of Bow Bells" is the only authentic qualification to that status.

And the controversy on whether, in these days of wireless, a Cockney can be born in Huddersfield, Halifax, Glasgow, Hitchin, or even Baghdad, is likely to be revived.

It began in 1925, after the B.B.C. had been broadcasting the pealing of Bow Bells to the world at large. Hundreds of mothers wrote to the broadcasting authorities and the newspapers, and even to the Registrar of Births at Somerset House, claiming the status of Cockneyship for offspring born when Bow Bells were ringing over the wireless.

If those mothers' claims were justified, braw Highland infants, black-haired babies, on the west coast of Ireland, even blonde Swede and swarthy Latin babies, would all be Cockneys within the fuller meaning of the phrase, "Born within sound of Bow Bells."

Yet what a paradox! Many children actually born under the shadow of Wren's famous steeple in Cheapside will grow up speaking the real Cockney dialect, but never able to call themselves Cockneys because they came into the world during the seven years the bells were silent because the timbers of the belfry were too rotten to hold them safely.

And now they are ringing again, and the B.B.C. is no doubt preparing to broadcast them again, so that "Cockneys" will be born wherever there are wireless sets powerful enough to tune-in London!

Bow Bells again! There is magic in the very thought. Their name has a meaning to children the world over. In every English-speaking country children sing the refrain of their chimes. And the story of Dick Whittington has gone into the folklore of twenty different countries.

### Ill-fated peal!

You know it, of course. What man or woman who has any memory left of childhood does not?

How Dick Whittington chafed under the bullying and sweating of his master, Sir Hugh Fitzwarren, and was compelled to sell his cat—his only treasure—to a foreign seaman, after which he ran away.

How he was stopped on Highgate Hill by the ringing of Bow Bells, heard their message:

"Turn again, Whittington,  
Lord Mayor of London."

and deciding there might be something prophetic about it, went back to his job. How he was greeted with the news that the sale of his cat had proved a wise investment, a Moorish king who was plagued by the Palace rats and mice having bought it at a fabulous price. And how, by using his share of the money in a business of his own, Dick lived to marry Sir Hugh's daughter and became Lord Mayor of London.

Why bother how much of it is true and how much fiction? Why suggest that "Big Bell of Bow," the largest of the twelve that have just been re-dedicated, and which weighs nearly three tons, did not prompt Dick Whittington to stop, by reason of its loudness, and so enable him to hear the whole appeal of the bells?

It is one of the most delightful stories in the English language, anyhow. And such a happy change from the other stories one can tell about Bow Bells.

The most ill-fated peal of bells in the world! That's the hard truth about Bow Bells. For the one story of how it changed the fortunes of a little wail there are a score of tragic ones as far re-

# Bow Bells Ring Again!

Home again! The great 3-ton bell of Bow being moved into St Mary-le-Bow Church after it had been recast



—and the story  
they could tell

moved from fairy stories as anything can be. There was never a City church more unfortunate than St. Mary-le-Bow, and most of its misfortunes are linked up with those twelve bells of which the children of the world sing at their play.

As far back as 1051 a mighty tempest carried away the timbers of the belfry, twenty-six feet long, and hurled them into Cheapside with such force that all but four feet of their length was buried, the projections being sawn off because it was impossible to uproot the base. Two men were killed.

Then in 1270 the greater part of the tower collapsed, killing nearly thirty men and women in a near-by house.

There must have been many more misfortunes concerning the bells and the belfry that housed them, for the work of rebuilding was not started for another fifty years, and the tower was not re-dedicated until two hundred years had elapsed, the reason being "superstition because of the many misfortunes sustained by the edifice."

Yet one of the bells still remained on duty. It was used to ring the curfew for the City of London and order people to their beds.

Then the belfry was burnt out, and it was fortunate the bells did not fall through to the crypt. There was an amazing story behind that.

### Murderer's refuge

William FitzOsbert, who was otherwise known as "Longbeard," was haranguing the crowd at St. Paul's on the always vexed question of tolls when he was approached by an officer of the law and told to go away. William at once slew the man of law, and took refuge in Bow Church.

He claimed the right of sanctuary, but the Archbishop of Canterbury of the day, Hubert, ordered him to be dragged from the church forcibly. And that, as it proved, was bad luck for Bow Bells.

FitzOsbert took refuge in the belfry and fortified it. He played a merry game of hide-and-seek among the bells themselves. And then came retribution.

Whether FitzOsbert set fire to the belfry rather than be taken too easily, or whether the crowd did so in an effort to smoke him out, the fact remains that the belfry caught alight and the argu-

mentative murderer was compelled by smoke and fire to surrender.

History is silent about the fate of FitzOsbert. But it solemnly records that the belfry was badly damaged and the Bells of Bow were silenced once again.

One historian records that "the greater part of the church fell down in 1272." We are not told what happened to the bells on that occasion. But we know that the Great Fire of London, burning the church out completely, brought the whole peal crashing to the ground.

In more recent times, the Silvertown explosion, which killed sixty-nine munition workers during the Great War, split the Bow Church bell-tower and caused it to lean, bringing nearer the day when Bow Bells would cease to ring.

### Seven years' struggle

And all the time the death watch beetle was nibbling away at the bell rafters, so that in 1926 they had become so rotten that Bow Bells had yet again to be silenced.

Bow Church once boasted a revenue of £3,000 a year—and that in days when a pound sterling was a big sum—but to-day its total income is about £550, and the authorities have been hard put to it to find means of saving the famous bells.

Saving the bells has been the big struggle of the last seven years. The City Corporation and various City Companies have helped splendidly, but so poor has been the response of born Cockneys that £5,000 of the £15,000 required is still being sought.

Mr. Gordon Selfridge has helped with £900—and he is American born. But perhaps the Americans have a greater fondness than Londoners for Bow Bells. Certainly it is said that Mr. Henry Ford once declared that if London didn't want them he would buy them for America.

But happily London does want them, and they are chiming once again.

May they chime to better fortune than in centuries gone by. May they spell a better and happier era for the splendid old church that has been left behind by the rush of modern progress. And may there be many Whittingtons who will hear their appeal to turn and try again, and profit as a result.



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### "I was nearly nodding . . .

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## HUGH WALPOLE, the Famous Novelist,

describes to "John Bull" his  
**Greatest Hour**

**M**y greatest hour? That is a very difficult question to answer. I have been lucky in having a number of important hours.

Of course, when my first book was accepted I was extremely pleased. That certainly was a big hour, but it was spoilt a little by the fact that I was paid no money for the book, and, later, when royalties amounted only to about £3.

I think that probably my greatest hour was when I first saw my cottage in Cumberland.

Yes; looking back, I am sure it was my greatest.

I had to wait nearly forty years before that dream of my life came true. First, years of hard work and disappointment had to be endured; then years of struggling to maintain the fair amount of success gained by my first few novels.

When I first saw my cottage in Cumberland my thoughts went back to weary days and nights in London, when I was poor and had very few friends; when I went from newspaper office to newspaper office asking for books to review.

One day I actually got some books to review. I took them off to the reading room of the British Museum and read them all thoroughly. I wrote my reviews; I thought they were very good.

I showed them to the editor and he told me to write them again. With tears in my eyes, I started my work again. It was worth it, because when the reviews at last appeared I had earned a certain amount of praise for my work.

THOUGHTS of the past filled my mind, I say, when I first set my eyes on what practically amounts to my life's dream.

Just after the war I was in London. I had been wandering about the world for some years, having all sorts of adventures in foreign lands. I had been in Russia for some time, and it struck me, as I strolled about Piccadilly once more, that it was about time I made myself a permanent home.

For years I had longed to live in Cumberland. One day I set out in a car, with a friend. We toured all over Cumberland looking for a home for me. We spent a few days doing this, then arrived at Keswick, put up at an hotel, and went out to explore the district.

Years before, when I was a child, I had known this district—one of the most beautiful places in the world.

My friend and I drove round the lake several times, and we had a grand time. The country was magnificent and the weather was heavenly; I felt twenty again.

We made a thorough search, but we found no cottage. We returned to the hotel. During a chat with the proprietor's wife I mentioned our fruitless search.

"Have you seen the cottage on the far side of the lake, Mr. Walpole?" she said.

I told her that I had looked everywhere, but had not seen any cottage where she mentioned.

"There is a cottage for sale, overlooking the lake. It is called Brackenburn. I saw the notice myself only yesterday," she replied.

**M**y friend and I were not very inclined to set out again. We had spent a lot of time looking round, and we were quite ready to move on. In fact I had almost come to the conclusion that my cottage in Cumberland was not to be.

After a great deal of persuasion on the part of our hostess, who seemed most anxious to help us, we decided to go to Brackenburn.

For some time we couldn't find the place. Then, suddenly, I saw it. A delightful cottage, standing on a hill overlooking the enchanting lake. I saw the "For Sale" notice on a wall, and then walked across a lawn to the door.

From the garden there was a marvellous view of the surrounding coun-



"A delightful cottage standing on a hill overlooking the enchanting lake"—Hugh Walpole at lovely Brackenburn, his dream cottage

## The COTTAGE of My Dreams

try. I knew right away that this was the place I had longed for and had been looking for. My dream was to be, I reflected.

An old woman opened the door. I asked her how much she wanted for the cottage. She named a price; I offered her something less; she accepted my offer, and in a few minutes I had signed a paper and the cottage in Cumberland was mine.

**W**HEN I started on again, my friend said that he thought me crazy.

"What madness. You should have made all sorts of necessary enquiries before committing yourself," he said.

I began to realise that I had acted rather hastily. I had not asked the woman a single thing about the cottage. It might, for all I knew, be in an appalling, irreparable state inside, and the drains might be impossible. But I cheered myself with the thought that even if that was the case I could rectify it by spending a few pounds.

Something told me that it was the place for me.

When I got back to London I went to see my lawyer to tell him about my deal. He nearly had a fit. He said that there must be some way out for me. I didn't want a way out, but the uneasiness, which I could not check, made me tell him to "carry on."

He discovered that in the garden of the cottage was an old well. The villagers possessed an age-old right to draw water from it during a drought.

That was the loophole. My lawyer wrote to the old woman telling her that

his client could not possibly live in a place where the whole village had what amounted to a free run of the garden.

I was dismayed about this, but felt that I would still get my cottage.

In a few days my lawyer received a document declaring that under no circumstances whatsoever would anyone draw water from the well at Brackenburn. The document was signed by every villager!

There was no way out now. My lawyer was worried, while I chuckled.

I felt very happy, and I admired the old woman's courage. It struck me that in any case a drought in the Lake District was highly improbable.

When I at last was settled in my cottage I was far from being sorry that I had bought it.

Now I do most of my work there. It is a charming place, and in the study I built on to it I wrote the whole of the "Herries" books, and most of the stories in "All Souls' Night."

**A** REMARKABLE thing is that I have never seen the well. So far as I know, it does not exist!

My greatest hour provided the greatest joy of my life—a joy which goes on, and will go on, I hope, as long as I have my cottage in Cumberland.

Wherever I am, be it in London, Moscow, Monte Carlo, Paris, New York, or Shanghai, I always long to be back there: for at Brackenburn is rest and peace and beauty; the feeling of well-being which fills my soul, makes me work hard when I am there; and the knowledge that the gods have kindly let my dreams come true is the greatest pleasure I know.



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I have not previously tried Birley's Antacid Powder so send me FREE 9d. Tin Post Paid.

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# WORLD WONDERS

## Will Never Cease...

**T**HE old phrase, "Wonders will never cease!" was never more true of the world than it is now, when almost every day produces some new marvel, and before the astonishment of it has died away another is before our eyes.

The Ancients talked of the Seven Wonders of the World. Nowadays we could certainly catalogue the Seven Thousand Wonders of the World—and still leave hundreds out of our list.

What would the slaves who built up the Pyramids, laboriously stone by stone, have thought, for instance, of these modern wonders?

Imagine them standing before the biggest skyscraper. It is 1,252 feet, higher than the height at which a peak becomes a mountain. Lifts maintain a denser traffic between the top and the bottom than the average street could handle.

Even the topmost storeys contain every service the mind of man can devise for the comfort of his fellows. And at the very pinnacle is a mooring-mast for the world's biggest airships!

**A**ND what would they have thought of the recently completed Assouan Dam, a ten times greater marvel than the Suez Canal? How insignificant an achievement their Pyramids would have seemed in face of that great undertaking.

It enables their descendants to make their arid deserts blossom like a rose. Yet the Ancients in their day never thought of it, and even if they had could never have carried it out, despite their reputation as builders of mighty things.

The British engineers were faced with the fact that at a time when water was most needed in Egypt not a spot reached the sea. The limit of water is the limit of cultivation, which is why the ancient Egyptians had to conserve grain against regularly recurring famines.

The British engineers found, just at the spot where they needed it, a vast ridge of red granite which was Nature's half-contribution to the scheme they had in mind. Then they built a vast dam a mile and a quarter long, big enough to create an artificial lake 200 miles long and embody 140 of the biggest under-water sluices in the world, and strong enough to hold back the waters of

one of the biggest rivers of the world after it has been fed along thousands of miles of its course by the torrential rains of Central Africa.

And all this they did without interfering with navigation on that or any other part of the Nile.

And Niagara Falls—what would the Ancients have thought of them? Not the Falls themselves, for they are old history, and primitive people just regarded them as the active manifestations of some huge devil, anyway. What would they have thought of the way in which Man has tamed this mightiest and noisiest plaything of Nature?

Yet it is a fact that modern engineers have harnessed the Falls and turned them into the biggest power and lighting generator in the world. The engineers have made the cascades tumble just where they want them to. And they have actually built a path beneath the mighty torrent, creating a strange submarine world of alternate stabs of colour and shadow in which you can't even throw yourself into the wall of water, because the rebound of air pushes you back.

**T**HEN there is the new Sydney Bridge, crossing nearly a mile of water, with a single gigantic span and yet allowing the biggest ships to pass beneath.

And the new Kill Van Kull Bridge that crosses the Hudson River at New York, the longest single span in the world by the few feet by which it beats its Sydney brother built at the same time.

Yet these marvels of brick and stone and girder do not number a hundredth of the multitude of wonders of the modern world.

There are the wonders of the chemist,



The building with its head in the clouds—a remarkable photograph of the Empire State Building in New York

the technical engineer, the designer, the people who work in laboratories and lift nothing heavier than a test tube.

Man once saw the eagle and marvelled. To-day we have the far bigger "bird" that bridges the Atlantic in one hop with Man between its wings, and is shown later in a shop window.

We have the British seaplane that has flown at 407½ miles an hour and which will soon be going faster still, because the Italians have taken the record up to 423.76 miles an hour.

There is the telephone, now linking almost every town and village in the world into one vast network, and its new young cousins such as the apparatus that sends pictures along threads of wire and the teleprinter that enables you to type fifty-five words a minute in Prague and get the result on paper in London.

**T**HERE is Wireless and Television. There is even Al Capone's armoured car, which has been on show in England. Some of the much-hunted Kings of history would have indeed given their kingdoms for that.

There are clocks kept going by nothing but the earth's magnetism; cameras that you swallow in a pill and which photograph your inside, actually carrying their own flashlight apparatus down with them; and other cameras that can take thousands of pictures in one second on a moving strip of film.

There are the new diving apparatuses evolved in Germany, Italy and our own country, which have opened up a tenth of the sea-beds of the world to us and will one day enable us to see mysterious denizens of the deep that no eye has yet beheld. Yes, one day we shall be able to recover all the treasure that the sea has swallowed up throughout the ages.

There are aeroplanes that pilot themselves, compasses that will take you automatically along the right course, and huge gyroscopes that will steady the greatest ocean liners in the heaviest storms. All these modern marvels—yes, and thousands more!

And perhaps the greatest wonder of all is that all these Wonders of the World can be brought into the home.

Now turn to the four-page Supplement in this week's JOHN BULL. Every reader is offered a great new 25s. Presentation Work—"The Wonders of the World."

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

**I** RECOMMEND to your consideration the case of James's mother. Her husband has been ill, and now that he is back at work finds it his greatest trouble to pay rent that is owing at the time of his illness.

James's mother has six children, all less than fourteen years old, and is still far from strong after the birth of her last child.

So writes the vicar of the parish in which five-year-old James, his five brothers and sisters (the youngest two months old) and his parents live.

Writing on the subject of her rent arrears, James's mother says: "I am afraid we shall have to get out if I cannot pay any of my back rent, and we have nowhere else to go. I do not want to be turned into the street with my little ones

## A Mother's Fear



James

if I can help it. I owe nearly £6 in back rent, without the next month's owing.

"It is dreadful to be in need. I feed my little one myself, else, if I was a little stronger, I should try and do work myself, but for lack of means I cannot get proper support. I suffer with my head a lot and feel low and weak. I cannot seem to pick up since the birth of my last baby at all.

"My husband is an ex-Service man. He went all through the war from 1914, and a lot of his illness has been caused through same. His last two illnesses were quinsy and blood-poisoning."

As James's father now earns 35s. a week on which to pay rent and maintain eight people, our readers will understand how impossible it is for him to pay up his rent arrears and for his wife to regain her strength.

Donations earmarked "James" will be thankfully accepted on his family's behalf, and should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, as well as subscriptions to the fund generally.

Lists of donations are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.



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The famous Antiseptic Dental Cream

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ALSO NEW (SAME AS FORMERLY) LARGE SIZE 1/9

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Quickly and safely, Kolynos with its Dry-Brush Technique destroys the germs which lead to decay, ugly yellow teeth and gum troubles. That is why Kolynos will whiten your teeth—shades whiter—and keep them white through the years. The Kolynos antiseptic foam cleans teeth down to the natural white enamel without injury. If you want dazzling white teeth change to Kolynos. Now reduced to 1/- per tube (same as formerly 1/6). Also New Large Size 1/9. Sold by all Chemists.



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THERE is always a wealth of comfort and rest waiting for you in a Berkeley Home Model. A FULL SIZE Easy Chair, the Berkeley Home Model is sturdily constructed with best birch frame, carefully upholstered throughout, coppered-steel springs in seat and back, indestructible steel web and covered with beautiful, hard-wearing materials.

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EVERY MAN HOPES AND DREAMS of the time when he will be able to sit back and take things easily—but it needs money. You can learn of the best means to secure a comfortable fortune by replying to the announcement on the Front Cover this week—Do it now!

## WHATEVER YOUR SKIN TROUBLE

Heal it with ZAM-BUK



If your skin is chafed, rashy, or irritated, is affected by wind or sun, or poisoned by insect bites, you can rely on Zam-Buk.

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Zam-Buk owes its unique value to its rare herbal origin and its high refinement. Its healing essences are so fine as to be absorbed readily by the pores or tiny breathing holes in the skin. In this way Zam-Buk gets at the root of skin troubles. It quickly soothes pain and irritation, prevents festering and blood-poison, subdues swelling and grows new healthy skin.

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A MONTH or so ago I wrote you about our son—how, after we had indulged his every whim and impoverished ourselves to further his education, he failed us, was expelled from college, struck his mother, and finally vanished from home!

He has come back. Seeing the letter in JOHN BULL, his conscience was quickened, and he hastened home.

His aim is, he says, to make amends. We believe him, and once more we are proud and hopeful of our boy.—T. P., Hants.

### Washed Away

It is a pleasure to me to tell my friends how much JOHN BULL helped in my time of need.

It was during the terrible floods of January, 1928, when my wife and I and five children were nearly drowned and lost our little home under 7 ft. of evil-smelling Thames water.

We were helped by the local borough, but that did not bring to us the same amount of pleasure as the substantial cheque from JOHN BULL.—P. Davis, Rotherhithe.



After the flood—the cheque

### Compensation

Can your readers picture seven hungry, fatherless children receiving the news from their mother, who was expecting yet another child in a few days, that JOHN BULL had sent some money to buy food and a new pair of boots for them?

To have seen the joy on their faces would surely have compensated any donors to "The Greatest of These"—Fund which gives help in the darkest hour.

Such was my case when JOHN BULL helped me at the time I lost my husband and all.—Grateful Mother, Sussex.

### Poster Warning

"Beware the Employment-with-Investment Ramp"! The timely warning from JOHN BULL three years ago saved me £150. I was actually on my way to the Midland Hotel in Manchester. As I passed down the main street of Salford, JOHN BULL's poster was staring at me, and I bought my first copy.

The suave financier who awaited my arrival at the hotel found the "pigeon" well armed. I allowed him to talk; then I produced my JOHN BULL, left it with him, and bade him good afternoon.—P. P., Little Hulton.

### Friendly Aid

JOHN BULL sent me a letter of sympathy and a cheque after my little girl fell and broke her arm. She was ordered to the hospital twelve miles away, and was an out-patient for three months.

JOHN BULL was my friend and paid all travelling expenses, which was a god-send, as my husband was a miner working only three days a week.—Miner's Wife, Leics.

### Personal Touch

I was a nurse in Charing Cross Hospital, and the greatest of London's air-raids was in progress. A bomb dropped and the premises of JOHN BULL sustained a direct hit, the casualties including employees and many people sheltering there.

During the ensuing weeks, when miracles of healing were being accom-

### Race with "Silver Ring"

## All the KING'S Horses...

A FEATURE of this year's flat-racing has been the successes of the horses owned by H.M. the King, and I am hoping that he will have his best season since he came to the throne.

Limelight, Fox-earth and The Abbot have credited the Royal stable with eight races to the value of £8,572, and the season has not reached the half-way mark.

The King's best year was in 1914, when Friar Marcus carried all before him. Eleven races to the value of £11,744 10s. were won, and Friar Marcus was unbeaten in five events.

Two other excellent seasons were 1923, when £11,469 was won, and 1928—Scuttle's year. Five horses won five events worth over £10,000.

Having found one Derby winner—Hyperion—for JOHN BULL readers, I should like to bring off the "double" by spotting the "pea" for the Welsh classic.

Ninety-three horses were entered for the Principality's Derby, and after the final declaration which takes place while these

notes are in the Press, a dozen or so may be left in.

King Salmon is my first choice, and in his absence I suggest Satsuma.

Apart from the racing at Chesham this week-end, some fine sport will be provided at Lingfield and Haydock. At the Surrey venue the July Stakes look "good" for Nitsichin, Spirituelle may take the Tandridge Court Welter Handicap, and I like Mazurka for the Foal Plate.

### "SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 6, to Wednesday, July 12.

A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F O

K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the Sporting Life and Daily Herald read those above or below.

M K O 96 Y W would read D A S T U R.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R 94 Z 2 93 98 F 96 S 98 would read W E I L I N G T O N.

# When "John Bull" Helped Me

by

## LETTER PARLIAMENT

Contributors

plished by the hospital, these unfortunate people were visited daily by the heads of JOHN BULL, and their needs and those of their dependents liberally catered for.

In a world gone mad, that personal touch renewed in my horror-stricken brain a faith in human kindness.—"Agatha," Cambridge.

### Life Saved

I always shall believe that JOHN BULL saved my life. It happened a few years ago, when the Government considered

that I had received my war pension long enough and stopped it.

I was nearly driven mad and was on the verge of ending it all when a friend advised me to write to JOHN BULL.

I received back my pension and a little more. I shall never forget to praise the paper that helped me to get my pension restored.—A. L., Aberdeen.

### Library Builder

JOHN BULL has helped and is helping our newly erected school. We are gradually building up a reference library so that the senior boys can gain access to valuable books in their leisure time.

Each week I save the coupons from JOHN BULL, which enable me to get valuable books at a nominal cost.

At present I am saving the coupons for the twelve best novels, which will no doubt present a very good appearance arrayed against the excellent Dictionary, Encyclopedia, etc.—Northern School.



"Not a happier couple in the land"

### Worthy Work

Five years ago I submitted to "Humanist" a problem which not only affected my life, but also that of another. Acting on the advice given, I married the young woman in question.

There is not a happier couple in the land to-day than my wife and I. To think that JOHN BULL has been the means of making at least two souls so divinely

happy as we are is in itself an achievement worthy of special praise.—"Grateful," Essex.

### Right Information

There is one feature in JOHN BULL which has been a considerable help to me—the enlightening articles of Mr. A. G. Gardiner.

These articles are brilliantly written and serve to inspire a keener interest in contemporary politics. They are extraordinarily informative, and for persons who like myself are occasionally out of touch with events, most useful for getting at the core of a situation.—"Politician," Tredegar.



Keeps you in touch

### Profitable Advice

Some years ago I had managed to save £50. One day I received a circular offering shares in a newly discovered oil-field. The prospects for shareholders were painted in such glowing colours that I determined to invest my £50 in the venture.

Luckily, I first wrote to JOHN BULL for advice, and the reply received was: "Have nothing to do with the concern mentioned."

Later on I learned the whole thing was a swindle, as many found out afterwards to their cost.—J. M. D., Ulster.

### Good Tonic

JOHN BULL has helped me, not once, but many times, through the medium of those cheery little articles, "The Human Machine."

I possess a collection of them in a small book, and whenever I'm feeling "fed-up" or pessimistic, I turn up one to suit my mood and read it thoroughly.

It's as good as a tonic, and seldom fails to give me a brighter outlook on life.—P. Cherry, Kent.

JOHN BULL's beautiful Easter message came when I was going through a period of dire distress. Its soothing value will ever remain a cherished memory.—A. M., Bath.

I shall never cease to praise JOHN BULL for the prompt manner in which it came to my rescue when my house, furniture, and everything I had was destroyed by fire.—O. B., Lincs.

In trouble, I rather sceptically "wrote to JOHN BULL about it." Imagine my surprise on receiving a letter asking me to attend in person and go into details. I went away with the feeling that I had found a friend.—P. A. Snelling, London.

JOHN BULL fills me with a great faith and a knowledge that things can and will be better. Its inspiring messages of hope give me a determination to tackle life's difficulties with a smile.—Nora Webb, Liverpool.

A violent thunderstorm broke out and our house was struck by lightning. JOHN BULL's cheque was indeed welcome.—Anna Graham, Scotland.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, July 11.

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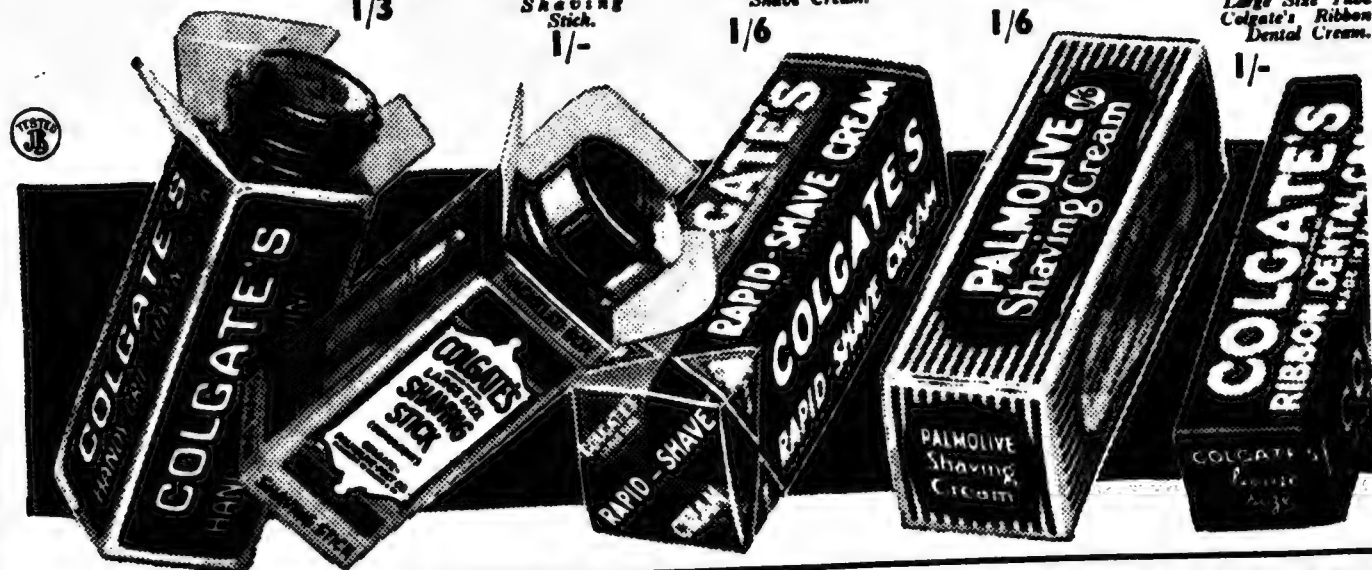
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**NEW NERVES FOR OLD**  
The ALADDIN'S LAMP of TONICS

Here is a wonderful Tonic which makes a real man of you; worn nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone; faith strengthens you, hope cheers you, life is worth living again! It is the World's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—"FOX NUTS" (the "Blue Lion" kind)—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices: 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

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**Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.**  
(Dept. J.B. 50), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET,  
LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.



**£200 and £20**

**A WEEK FOR LIFE**

**"I CAN'T see how I'm going to afford a holiday this year!"** Those gloomy words will never be yours if you win the fine 3-in-1 Holiday Prize offered in our Crossword Contest this week. Every August the postman will bring you a "John Bull" cheque for £20, in addition to the 20s. payment he will bring you each Saturday. So you will have little real need to break into your nest-egg of £200 cash which completes this fine prize.

VALUE  
£2

**NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE**  
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to Newsagent from whom this contest's prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between three Newsagents.

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## NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, no copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry for both squares is **SIXPENCE**.—For Four Squares send **ONE SHILLING**. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & / Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form, send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, July 13th, 1933**.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit **TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS**, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free week "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than **TWO ENTRY FORMS** from this page plus **TWO** from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on **thurs. Thursday, July 13th, 1933**. Should any competitor not announce as winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, August 8, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. A such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £150 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided but no competitor may receive more than a share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £150 will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entrant entering an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

**"JOHN BULL"  
CROSSWORD No.  
229, 57, Long Acre  
London, W.C.2.  
(Comp.).**



R. L. (Hampstead).— "What's the quickest thing on earth?" Money—goes in no time.

A. M. (Dulwich).— "I don't hold with this Government." It takes good care you don't.

H. L. (Epsom).— "What's the quickest thing on earth?" Money—goes in no time.

G. T. (Maldstone).— "I look upon hiking as a tonic." And a passing lorry as a pick-me-up?

W. B. (Southend).— "I always take my wife yachting with me." To make sure of a breeze?

R. H. (Kettering).— "What ought I to give for a real first-class champagne dinner?" Three cheers.

I. R. (Leeds).— "Whatever did you do in London during the recent heat wave?" Perspired.

P. J. (Shrewsbury).— "I can always spot the villain in a mystery novel." So can we—the author.

R. D. (Chelsea).— "Artists are not like ordinary humans." Neither are the portraits they paint.

I. F. (Highgate).— "I cannot see much sport in cricket." We once had a long run of "ducks," too.

R. P. (Windsor).— "I can stand any amount of drink." You are the sort of man people like to meet.

MAY (Frogmore).— "I am considered rather pretty, but what is beauty nowadays?" About 90 per cent. cosmetics.

R. P. (Cambridge).— "On my way to your office I lost myself in Covent Garden." Now you know why we chose Long Acre.

C. E. P. (Heywood).— "Who do you think should be recognised as the head of the household?" Hush! Mum's the word!

WALTER (Frome).— "I take Shakespeare as my model." Good. Remember that he has not written anything for many years.

S. A. R. (Bethnal Green).— "What is the difference between Capital and Labour?" When you lend a man a fiver that's the Capital. The trouble you have to get it back is the Labour.

T. O. P. (Formby).— "My wireless set was making such fiendish noises the other night I had to switch it off. Can you suggest the cause?" Probably a recital of ultra-modern music.

C. A. V. (Hampstead).— "As an impressionable youth I fell in love with a bare-back rider in a circus." And now, we presume, you have fallen for a bare-back bather in a swimming pool.

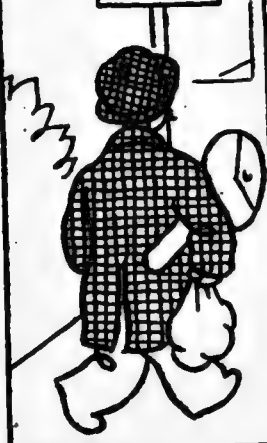
F. S. W. (Gloucester).— "I have just got a little gadget which opens all my letters in a very efficient manner." We do not like to hear you calling your wife a gadget.

H. W. (Eltham).— "A strange man has been buzzing around our house lately." Expect he's waiting for you to settle.



REFRESHMENT

TO THE CENTRE COURT



ERNIE: by

Jane Noël and  
R. J. Bailey

# The EDITOR Laughs LAST



G. P. (Walsall).— "My husband drinks like a fish." But surely not the same stuff?

G. G. (Highbury).— "I can't see much in a straw hat." Buy one a few sizes smaller.

H. T. (Chester).— "I confess my wife's figure bowled me." Body-line or leg-theory?

M. F. (Bude).— "Circumstances undoubtedly alter cases." So do many railway porters.

WIRE (Leicester).— "I told him the sausages were guaranteed pure." Stamped on every link.

N. A. (Ongar).— "He has told the neighbours that I am a fool." Was it supposed to be a secret?

F. G. (Southampton).— "A pot of crimson paint fell on my head as I was passing underneath a ladder." Then you saw red.

PUBLISHER (Fleet Street).— "I am anxious to find a story that will satisfy the average woman." So are most husbands.

PLEDGE (Carlisle).— "I'd had one or two and when I saw my wife I decided that I was one of two things." A drunkard or a bigamist.

S. B. (Hull).— "Why do so many girls smoke one cigarette after another at dances?" Because having two in the mouth at the same time is not done.

V. I. P. (Handforth).— "Last night I brought home to my wife the prettiest little thing in silk dresses I have ever seen." Wasn't she jealous?

W. B. (Weeley).— "The male mosquito does not bite." Perhaps not, but if the modern female of the species wears trousers one is apt to be misled by false security.

R. F. (Bridgnorth).— "I spoke for about sixty minutes to an audience of farmers who are bitter opponents of the daylight saving scheme." They must now hate that hour more than ever.

J. K. E. (Llangollen).— "As soon as I feel off colour I go on a sea cruise." We do just the opposite.

G. T. (Croydon).— "When I take my young son to the seaside he spends nearly all his time having donkey rides." Doesn't your back ache at the end of the day?

JOHN M. (London, N.E.).— "My wallet was stolen as I was returning home after accompanying my wife on a shopping expedition." So the thieves were unlucky.

A. E. (Windsor).— "Our maid has no 'go' in her." What a treasure!

SOMO WATTS (Streatham).— "The latest songs are best." Quite right; they are soon forgotten.

MUSICIAN (Derby).— "The modern saxophone is just a mass of keys." And no locks, unfortunately!

C. B. (Beckenham).— "Another war is too awful to contemplate." Quite right. Just think of the war books.

ARTIST (Chelsea).— "Do you think I shall be able to sell this landscape?" Possibly—if you call it a landslide.

LINGUIST (Crosby).— "There is a lot to be said for the Welsh language." There is a lot to be said in the Welsh language.

D. N. (Lewes).— "Could you name one single man who understands women?" Yes; that's why he's single.

BERRY (York).— "There are women architects who are every bit as clever as men." Designing females?

H. K. (Hull).— "Rubber is to be used for building purposes." It will be very useful for the walls of a beginner's garage.

L. D. (Leeds).— "I spoke for three hours on the subject of cruelty to children." Then we take it that the lecture was for adults only?

J. S. S. (Peterborough).— "What will you pay me for a contribution to your columns?" Well, if you keep it down to two, three or four words, and write it on a *Bulletin* coupon from page 35, we can manage £800 and £20 every August for life.

B. Y. (Harrow).— "What is the idea of having a roof garden on a theatre?" Probably to make it easy for leading ladies to obtain their own bouquets.

P. C. (Dalston).— "If Lord Trenchard's proposals become law, it is estimated that £500,000 will be saved." That represents a good many coppers.

W. G. (Alton).— "The chaplain advanced me £5 on the condition that I altered my ways." Another conversion loan, so to speak.

T. C. (Hartlepool).— "In the days of yore, if anybody missed a stage coach, he was contented to wait two or three days for the next one." Now he lets out a squawk if he misses one section of a revolving door.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

## Don't Wear a Truss!

After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women, and children that cures Rupture.

### Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no ties.



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

### Free Information Coupon

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.  
(482M), 30, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.  
(482M), 111, Market Street, Manchester, 1.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

(Please write plainly) .....

## DRINK HOT WATER TO CLEAR SKIN

One of the best ways of keeping the complexion clear and fresh and the skin free from blemish is to drink plenty of hot water. Blotchiness, spots, pimples and other skin defects are sure indications that the blood-stream is polluted by impurities which ought to be eliminated by the liver and kidneys. To make certain that these organs function properly and keep your blood free from impurities you should drink, every morning before breakfast, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate added. If all those with sallow skin, liver spots, pimples, rashes or pallid complexions would get a supply of 'Limestone' Phosphate costing but two shillings from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites or any other good chemist, they will soon have a clear, healthy skin and look and feel brighter and better in every way.

## Have You CHRONIC BRONCHITIS?

That dry, hacking, irritating, "off-and-on" cough, worst at night, indicates Chronic Bronchitis. RAZ-MALL will stop the cough, cough, cough! Clean Capsules. No sprays, smokes, snuff. No harmful drugs or bad reactions. Guaranteed relief or money refunded on two 3/- boxes or one 5/- box. Stocked by Boots, Timothy Whites and all Chemists and Stores. FREE TRIAL from Gilmour Templeton Co., Ltd., (Dept. B.21), 80, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

## GRAVES TRUE RADIO

'VALCON' 3-Wave Set in polished Oak Cabinet 16 1/2 x 13 1/2 in. All-steel chassis, W.B. Transformer, S.M. Air Condenser, latest Mullard Valves, Pentris H.T. & L.T. Batteries, Aerial Outfit. Lovely tone. Price £25.0.0 or 6/- monthly. Catalogue Free. Table & Portable Sets for Batteries or Mains, also high power screened Grid, Moving Coil, and Radio Gram Sets. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.



Stable - Boy (Newmarket).— "A horse never forgets its friends." The last one we backed probably recognised some one in the crowd.



**I'M SO ASHAMED OF THE UGLY HAIR ON MY ARMS AND LEGS. I'VE TRIED RAZORS AND DEPILATORIES BUT IT ONLY GROWS FASTER**

**I USE THE NEW VEET. IT BANISHES UGLY HAIR FOREVER**



No woman can look attractive in a bathing costume if disfigured by growths of superfluous hair on arms and legs. No longer need you use a razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker—nor evil smelling, messy chemical depilatories which are positively dangerous. NEW VEET, the recent marvellous discovery of a British Scientist, dissolves the keratin in the hair and hair roots—the hair just falls away.

New Veet is a delightfully perfumed cream, as easy and pleasant to use as a face cream. You simply spread it on direct from the tube and then rinse off with water. You wash away every trace of hair with it, leaving the skin soft, white and smooth. At all chemists and hairdressers 6d. and 1/6.

**FENNINGS' FOR COUGHS . . . COLDs . . . LUNG BRONCHITIS**

They assist the lungs to throw off all irritating matter and to regain health and vigour.

A COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" AND OF "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR" WILL BE SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION TO:

**ALFRED FENNINGS, Cowes, I.W.**

**SOLD IN BOXES AT 1/3 & 3/-**

**HEALERS**

## "Take That Make-up Off!"



Perhaps he doesn't say this, but he may think it. Hundreds of women believe they must keep dabbing on powder all the time to cover a shiny nose and greasy, blotchy skin. But you can have a fresh, youthful and natural looking complexion all day long without this. All you need to do is to blend a little mousse of cream with your face powder. Mousse of Cream is the marvellous newly discovered ingredient now blended by a patent process in Poudre Tokalon. That is what makes Poudre Tokalon stay on all day—even in wind and rain and in

spite of perspiration while dancing. Completely does away with shiny noses. Because it contains Mousse of Cream it does not dry up the skin. Poudre Tokalon gives a complexion of rare, fresh youthful beauty that is obtainable in absolutely no other way. And so natural looking he will never even guess that you use powder at all.

**FREE:** By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing popular shades of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder so that she may test them on her own face. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinloids for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing etc., to Tokalon Ltd (Dept 222 Y), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

### ★ FREE!

A very beautiful book, containing hundreds of most valuable Free Gifts given in exchange for coupons from "KENSITAS" CIGARETTES (5 of which appear in every packet of 20) will be sent to every reader who writes mentioning "John Bull" to J. Wix and Sons, Ltd., 210, Old Street, London, E.C.1. This offer appears on p. 23. Turn to it—NOW!

### A Full-size Easy Chair for 5/- down.

Don't overlook the Berkeley Chair offer on page 29. The Home Model illustrated can be obtained for 5/- down and monthly payments of 5/-. Fill in the Coupon for free illustrated Catalogue patterns etc.

## Clerk.. Surveyor.. Docker

—they all chose the same "Bullets" Trainer!

WHEN a young clerk came home from his work at a large Bournville factory one recent Friday afternoon, his sister was waiting for him on the doorstep.

In his pocket was his modest pay envelope—but she was not waiting for that. She held in her hand another envelope for her brother.

The message within it had come from JOHN BULL, bringing the news that he had won two years' salary for a single evening's work.

The Bullet with which Mr. C. Day, 91, Rowheath Road, King's Norton, Birmingham, secured the First Prize of £500 in Competition No. 897 was the best effort on the subject of the World Economic Conference which has yet been seen.

Choosing simple words and balancing them neatly, this young man produced the ingenious effort. AT THE CONFERENCE—WORD-SPINNING—WORLD REKLING.

"I like serious Bullets myself," said Mr. Day when discussing his hobby with JOHN BULL's representative, "especially those that comment neatly on world affairs."

"I've been entering for six years," the winner went on, "but although I won a First back in 1929, I have not had much success lately. A half-crown and about a dozen 'Targets'—that's all I'd won this year—until this £500 arrived!"

"I know it's been said very often," Mr. Day continued, "but I am sure that studying winning Bullets is the finest possible training for a competitor who wants to score. Next comes Bullets Bulletin with its invaluable lists of ideas to avoid. I usually devote one evening weekly to Bullets, and I'm a great believer in regular entry."

Luxuries and extra comforts for his sister, father and invalid brother—this is just some of the good work

### THEIR £575 AID

For the second week in succession the three chief Bullets Prize-winners send tributes to the guidance of Bullets Bulletin. At the cost of its mere half-penny postage weekly, this same expert Bullets assistance can be yours, together with John Bull's free Crossword Gazette and Tree Show's entertaining Couplets Counter. Arrange at once your supply of this 3-in-1 budget of competition hints by posting off to-night the reservation coupon on opposite page!

to be done by this young winner's £500 cheque. And, after celebrating his success with the best holiday he has ever had, a comfortable sum will be left at the bank to provide for future needs.

Close on the heels of this clerk's Bullet came that made up by an assistant colliery surveyor, Mr. T. Jones, 17, Nant-ddu Terrace, Edwardsville, Treharria.

His reward for a few minutes' work was the Second Prize of £50, secured for the neat and thoughtful Bullet, PAINTING THE FUTURE—PREVENTS ME FROM "ROTTING."

"A much-needed nest-egg"—that is how Mr. Jones describes his substantial cheque. And since he has a wife and two children to share in its benefits, its coming is specially welcome.

"The news of my success came like a thunderbolt," he tells us, "for lately even my 'Target' prizes have been few and far between."

"Since being registered for Bullets Bulletin some nine months ago I have not missed a contest," he adds. "Apart from the valuable hints and warnings contained in its pages, its bright and cheery nature makes me feel one of the Bullets family."

Though the clerk and the surveyor will find their prize-money a blessing, we believe that the Third Prize of £25 will do almost as much to help its winner, a South Wales docker.

It was awarded for the telling effort, LOOKING AT LIFE—DIFFERENTLY—"THREE PARTS GONE," and its effective phrasing was the work of Mr. C. Cankett, Craigness, St. Julian's Park, Newport.

## £966 10s. CASH AND 550 "SEASON TICKETS" AWARDED!

FIRST PRIZE OF £600, COMPETITION No. 898:

MR. A. J. CROSS, 5, Barnstable Road, Stanford-le-Hope, Essex.

Example:—To Put Things Right

Bullet:—Fix "STANDARDS" Above GOLD.

### SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. V. O. CLARKE, Black Horse Drive, Littleport.

Example: Wilful Waste  
Bullet: Yet Willing Want.  
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

### THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. L. WHITE, 31, Philip Victor Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

Example: No Holiday  
Bullet: Collector's "Given Me Fortnight."

### OTHER PRIZES:

220: V. HANLEY, 83, Berwick Street, Liverpool.

To Put Things Right—"In Father's Way," Dangerous.

219: Mrs. R. GLASTONBURY, 81, Woodside Street, Cinderford, Glos.

Our House—"Palace"—Till "King's" Housekeeper.

218: Miss D. ROBE, 20, Worcester Road, Bootle, Liverpool.

Flourishing Business—Smiles Paid—Pile's Made.

217: H. F. GARNER, 31, Havelock Road, Wealdstone.

Faster—Faster—Faster—Our "Dials" Showing "Pressure."

216: Miss WATSON, 27, Galloway Road, Liverpool.

Love's Duel—In Car, Pedestrian's "Finale."

(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

215: J. W. CONNOR, 4, Stubble Street, Off Smith Street, Wakefield.

How The Land Lies—"Doomsday Look" Informs Dad.

214: H. SMITH, Fell Grove, Dunbottle Lane, Mirfield, Yorks.

Sweat Of His Brow—"Moisture" Raising "Success Barometer."

213: W. H. NOTT, 51, Richmond Place, Beacom Hill Bath.

Our House—Re-painted, Provided Unemployed's "Coat."

212: E. BACCHUS, 17, Driffeld Road, London, E.

To Put Things Right—White Way—Why Wait?

211: C. PARSONS, 98, Wheeler Street, Lozells, Birmingham.

Face Of The Earth—Feeds Us—Swallows Us.

210: A. STOCKDALE, 4, Auckland Avenue, Darlington.

A Bit Too Hot—So Night-club's Doors Closed.

209: Mrs. A. W. WOOD, 57, Hercules Loan, Muswellburgh.

No Holiday—Cruise—Life Demands "Seamanship."

208: C. J. ARCHER, 37, Avenue Road, Bourne-mouth.

Helpless—Vicar Surrounded By "Helpers!"

207: E. G. DUNLOP, Weston, Annbank, Ayrshire.

Pleading Poverty—Many, "If Anything's Going."

206: E. G. SWEETLAND, 14, Ellerdine Road, Hounslow.

Paster—Faster—Faster—Heavenly! Heavenly! Heaven.

205: L. M. WATSON, 16, Windsor Road, Watford.

When They Went Cruising—Nautical Caps—Capital Naught.

(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

204: J. LAMONT, 31, Ophir Gardens, Belfast.

Paster—Faster—Faster—Civilisation's Roundabout—"Decreasing Laughter."

A list of 55 winners of 10s. with "Bullets" "Season Ticket" and 500 of 2s. 6d. with "Season Ticket" can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

50 BIG HOLIDAY PRIZES WAITING ON OPPOSITE PAGE



JULY 8, 1933

35

JOHN BULL

**Must-be-Won**  
**GIANT** one-week **HOLIDAY OFFER**

**£1250** in this **£800** **£1000**

**PLUS £20** **HOLIDAY CHEQUE** **YEARLY FOR LIFE** **CASH**

COMMENCING - AUG. 3, 1933

WIN YOUR CHOICE OF THESE 2 HUGE FIRST PRIZES

|          |         |         |             |
|----------|---------|---------|-------------|
| £50      | £25     | £15     | £10         |
| 5 of £5  | 5 of £4 | 5 of £3 | 10 of £2.10 |
| 20 of £2 |         |         |             |

**BONUS AWARD** **£2**

OF BULLET'S SEASON TICKET, PROVIDING ONE HUNDRED FREE ENTRIES, TO EACH OF 50 HOLIDAY PRIZE-WINNERS FROM WHOM MORE THAN ONE COUPON (ENTRY FEE OR OTHERWISE) IS RECEIVED IN SAME ENVELOPE.

## Enter by Saturday, July 15, for 50 Big Holiday Prizes!

As the result of this week's second Giant Holiday Offer, JOHN BULL will soon be posting off to senders of good *Bullets* the staggering amount of over £1,250 cash! Why should not some of this splendid sum be yours? Think what it would mean to you, just at the beginning of the August holidays, to know that you are to receive £200 cash at once and a £20 Holiday Cheque every August as long as you live! Alternatively, your reward can be the huge lump sum of £1,000.

Run your eye along the series of 49 other substantial sums following this enormous 2-in-1 First and you will be keen to begin on those *Bullets* of yours at once. And notice that by simply sending two or more coupons for this contest you can add to your Holiday Prize an extra award value over £2.

### HOW TO WIN

**S**IMPLY read slowly through the *Examples* and jot down the six which specially appeal to you. Considering these in turn, add any rough idea which comes into your mind as you seek some apt comment on the *Example*.

Now, since a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words, compress your rough ideas accordingly into neat phrases which convey your meaning clearly.

For instance, suppose you had noted down the *Example* TAXPAYER'S HOLIDAY. Against this you might jot down the rough comment *Cancelled Because Of Taxation*. After searching a few moments for suitable phrasing, you could readily produce the finished *Bullet*, TAXPAYER'S HOLIDAY—ONLY "DEBT" THAT'S CANCELLED.

But before you begin, we advise you to secure a flying start by studying the varied styles of the winning *Bullets* published this week, noting carefully the manner in which each effort links up with its *Example*. Then go ahead with your own efforts, making sure that your entry is in by Saturday, July 15.

### ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE" BELOW

**TAXPAYER'S HOLIDAY**  
 NEXT TIME  
 FIRST STEP  
 PRECIOUS LITTLE  
 THE ONLY THING LEFT  
 MAN WITH THE MONEY  
 FADING THE MUSIC  
 CONSTABLE ALGERNON  
 KEEPING COOL  
 STRONG AND SILENT  
 HE SAW HER HOME AND  
 SOFTLY  
 FROM THE HEART  
 NOT SO EASY  
 ACTING THE GOAT  
 TELL OF THE ROAD  
 AT LIFE'S SUNSET  
 LANDLORD V. TENANT  
 WASTE OF TIME  
 LIKE HITLER  
 SAFER  
 TO LIGHT THE WAY  
 WHEN FATHER'S PACKING  
 HUGGING HIMSELF  
 KING OF THE CASTLE  
 TO GET IN FRONT  
 DOCTOR'S CAR  
 FLYING  
 AFRAID OF THE DARK  
 BEATING HIS RETREAT  
 HER BOY  
 SOORIED  
 ONE DAY  
 THE SEA WAS ROUGH, SO  
 VILLAGE LARWOOD  
 SAID TO THE PORTER

### YOUR FREE HELP

As hundreds of winners have testified, your finest training for success is a regular service of hints direct from *Bullet's* headquarters.

This you can obtain by registering for a 12 weeks' supply of *John Bull's* free guide to the prize-list, "Bullets" Bulletin, with which comes *Passing Show's* cheery *Completions* and *John Bull's* invaluable *Crossword Gazette*. It is yours every Thursday for the mere cost of postage—order to-day!

### POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed " & Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets" Bulletin, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME

ADDRESS

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT. ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.  
 (Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry)

**"BULLETS" RULES.**—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only one attempt may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 1d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed / & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

**NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.**—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 301 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £200 awarded to the First Prize-winner in No. 307 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. Storey, Watford End, King's Norton, Birmingham.

**ENTRY-FEE.**—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed " & Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

#### EXAMPLE

BULLET

#### EXAMPLE

BULLET

(901)

Closing

SAT.

July 15

P.O.

No.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1

Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed

Address

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

#### EXAMPLE

BULLET

#### EXAMPLE

BULLET

(901)

Closing

SAT.

July 15

P.O.

No.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2

Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed

Address

#### EXAMPLE

BULLET

#### EXAMPLE

BULLET

(901)

Closing

SAT.

July 15

P.O.

No.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3

Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed

Address

#### EXAMPLE

BULLET

#### EXAMPLE

BULLET

(901)

Closing

SAT.

July 15

P.O.

No.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4

Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed

Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets," No. 301, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

**ANOTHER 50 BIG HOLIDAY PRIZES**

FRESH SURPRISE NEXT WEEK WITH



# B.D.V. EXPANDING SUITCASE

## 150 COUPONS



GIFT  
No. N477

Everyone needs an expanding suitcase, and now everyone can have the very latest type—free. This splendid case measures 24" x 15" x 7½" when it is fully compressed, and expands to 24" x 15" x 9½", light yet strong, beautifully finished inside and out. It is yours for 150 B.D.V. coupons, or 130 only if you cut out and include the voucher below.

B. D. V. cigarettes have been famous for thirty years. They have satisfied the most critical smokers. They will satisfy you. Change to-day to B.D.V. No matter how many coupons you find in a packet of other brands, together they are not of greater value than ONE B. D. V. COUPON.

## B.D.V. CIGARETTES

10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

TOBACCO 11½d. per ounce.

CUT THIS OUT NOW

Available for suitcase No. N477 only.

B. D. V. FREE VOUCHER

### 20 COUPONS

Available only for Expanding Suitcase N477.

Only one voucher can be accepted towards any one gift.

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD. Proprietors.

CHANGE TO-DAY TO B. D. V. — AND GET THE GIFT YOU FANCY FREE

# CICFA FOR INDIGESTION

We constantly receive letters from sufferers from Indigestion saying they had tried everything without result until they took Cicfa. This was the case with Mrs. Watson, who writes:—

**"IT SEEMED A MIRACLE"**

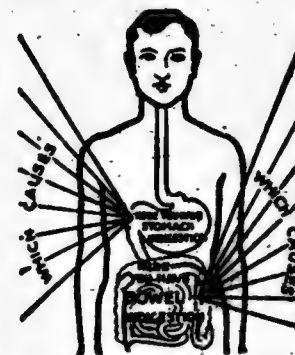
12, Murray Road, Chester-le-Street.

Dear Sirs,—I was a sufferer from Indigestion for about four years, that is, up till about nine months ago. I tried every remedy on the market without success. One day I saw an advertisement in a newspaper about Cicfa. Without much hope of success, I decided to give it a trial. After a good honest trial extending over two months, I was cured, and it seemed that a miracle had happened. I am now able to eat and enjoy a good dinner, a thing I had not done for years. My friends could hardly believe their own eyes at the change in me. All I can say is, I am a most grateful woman, and shall recommend Cicfa whenever I can.

(Sgnd.) Mrs. Mary Watson.

## SYMPTOMS OF INDIGESTION

**INTHESTOMACH:**  
GASES in STOMACH with Eructations.  
Sharp Neuralgic HEAD-ACHES.  
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.  
TONGUE coated white all over.  
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of nose.  
EATING disliked. Some Nausea.  
PAINS darting through Chest, Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.



**IN THE BOWEL**  
GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.  
Dull, Heavy HEAD-ACHES.  
ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.  
TONGUE coated yellow at back.  
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.  
EATING disliked or loathed, Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.  
PAINS in Bowel, Gripping and CONSTIPATION.

Cicfa is no ordinary remedy. That is why it benefited Mrs. Watson in what seemed to her a miraculous way. Because it is a scientific combination of natural digestive ferments, it gives immediate relief, and gradually restores the little glands and cells of the digestive organs to perfect health, so that after a time they are able to do their work without assistance. A short trial will convince you that Cicfa is different from anything else you have ever taken for Indigestion. Hundreds of British doctors have written us of the excellent effects they have obtained by its use.

**SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, PRICE 1/3 and 3/- or post free** from THE CICFA CO., 8, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.1.

## HUGE X-WORD HOLIDAY PRIZE WON OUTRIGHT!

### Result of Competition No. 217

The only correct solution in the above Competition was received from—

**E. EDWARDS,  
2, Gibbons Villas,  
Ebbw Vale,  
Mon.,**

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive 20s. a Week for Life, £500 in cash, and a £20 Holiday Cheque Yearly for Life, or one lump sum of £500.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, July 18th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following 20 competitors; from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £7 10s.:

Mrs. F. H. Asbury, 10, Earlsdon Avenue, Coventry; R. E. Baker, 5, Norwich Road, Wisbech; J. Banner, 6, Wickliffe Street, Bolton; W. H. Bighton, 22, Agnes Road, Northampton; J. Cavaghan, 33, Westmorland Street, Denton Holmes, Carlisle; Mrs. H. M. Cressey, 12, Alma Place, Beckett Street, Leeds; L. K. Goodler, 12, Third Avenue, Fazakerley, Liverpool; E. Harman, 16, Albany Place, Dover; H. Haw, East Drayton, Retford, Notts; L. R. Heaven, 5, Rowheath Road, Cotteridge, Kings Norton, Birmingham; C. Jones, 81, Napier Street, Leeds Road, Bradford; T. Jones, 100, High Street, Tumble, Llanelly; Miss B. P. Satterley, 5, George Street, Newton Abbot, Devon; A. M. Southgate, Marshall Road, South Hayling, Hants; Mrs. M. Treagus, The Cottage, Botser Hill, Petersfield, Hants; Mrs. A. W. Turner, Little Chesterford, Nr. Saffron Walden; W. J. Warden, 131, Rivulet Road, Tottenham, N.17; S. A. White, 6, Russell Rise, Luton, Beds; Mrs. M. M. Windross, 25, Ivor Road, Wallasey, Ches.; E. Woodhouse, Watlington, King's Lynn.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

Enter now for the Crossword on Page 32 with another great Three-in-One Award as a Next-to-Last First Prize.



# THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD

SACRED BULL OF SIWA  
—one of over a thousand  
marvellous photographs in  
this Wonderful Presenta-  
tion Work.

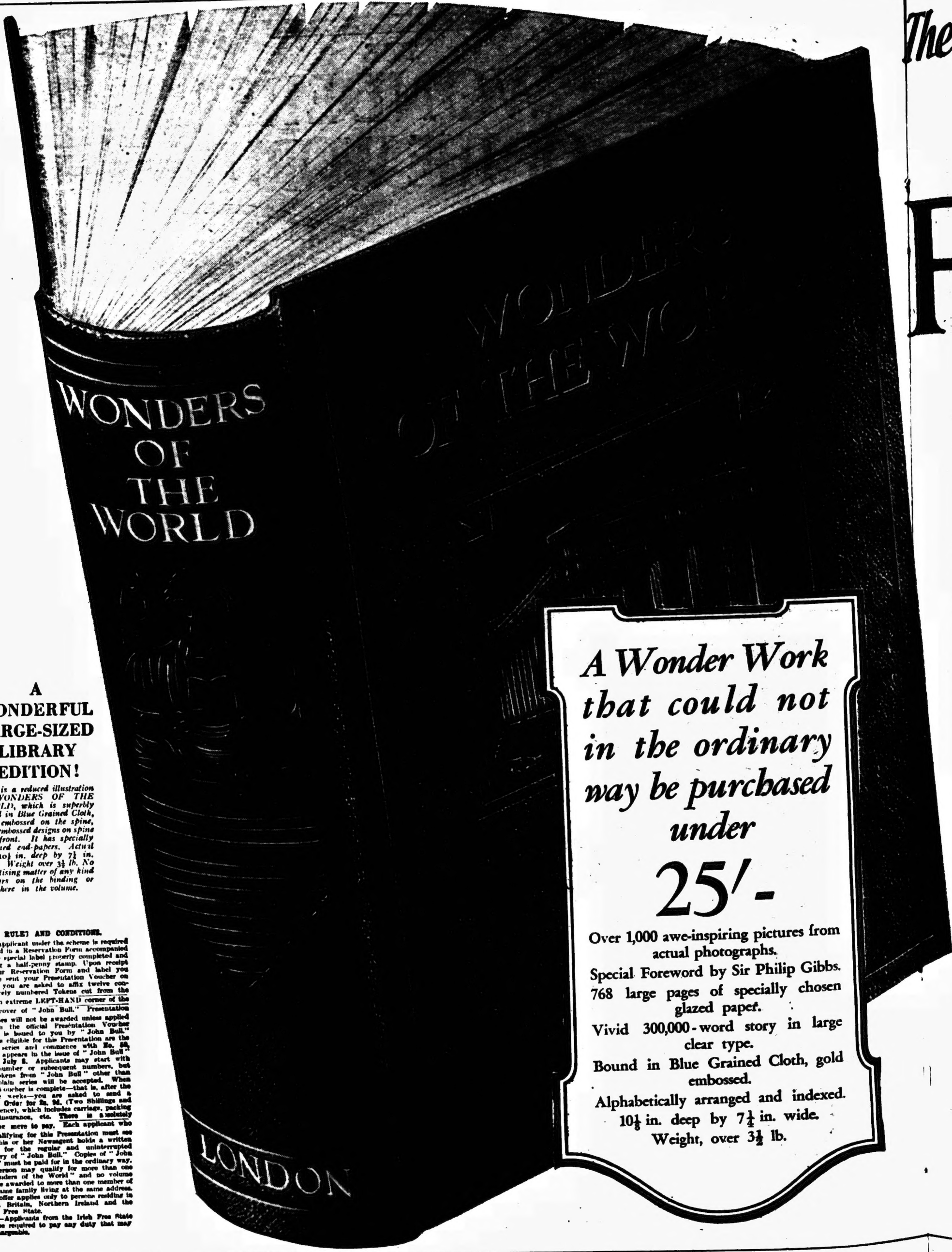
Photo by courtesy of Bourne &  
Shepherd, Calcutta.



JOHN BULL'S  
*Stupendous new*  
PRESENTATION  
*to every reader*

SEE NEXT PAGE





**A  
WONDERFUL  
LARGE-SIZED  
LIBRARY  
EDITION!**

*Here is a reduced illustration of WONDERS OF THE WORLD, which is superbly bound in Blue Grained Cloth, gold embossed on the spine, with embossed designs on spine and front. It has specially designed end-papers. Actual size 10 1/2 in. deep by 7 1/2 in. wide. Weight over 3 1/2 lb. No advertising matter of any kind appears on the binding or anywhere in the volume.*

**RULES AND CONDITIONS.**  
Each applicant under the scheme is required to send in a Reservation Form accompanied by the special label properly completed and bearing a half-penny stamp. Upon receipt of your Reservation Form and label you will be sent your Presentation Voucher on which you are asked to affix twelve consecutively numbered Tokens cut from the bottom extreme LEFT-HAND corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Presentation Volumes will not be awarded unless applied for on the official Presentation Voucher which is issued to you by "John Bull." Tokens eligible for the Presentation are the plain series and commence with No. 50, which appears in the issue of "John Bull" dated July 8. Applicants may start with this number or subsequent numbers, but no Tokens from "John Bull" other than this plain series will be accepted. When your Voucher is complete—that is, after the twelve weeks—you are asked to send a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. (Two Shillings and Ninepence), which includes carriage, packing and insurance, etc. There is absolutely nothing more to pay. Each applicant who is qualifying for this Presentation must see that his or her Newagent holds a written order for the regular and uninterrupted delivery of "John Bull." Copies of "John Bull" must be paid for in the ordinary way. No person may qualify for more than one "Wonders of the World" and no volume will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address. This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State.  
N.B.—Applicants from the Irish Free State will be required to pay any duty that may be chargeable.

*A Wonder Work  
that could not  
in the ordinary  
way be purchased  
under*

**25/-**

Over 1,000 awe-inspiring pictures from actual photographs.  
Special Foreword by Sir Philip Gibbs.  
768 large pages of specially chosen glazed paper.  
Vivid 300,000-word story in large clear type.  
Bound in Blue Grained Cloth, gold embossed.  
Alphabetically arranged and indexed.  
10 1/2 in. deep by 7 1/2 in. wide.  
Weight, over 3 1/2 lb.

*The most Ama*

**JO  
PH**

**FO**

**T**HE greatest single mighty publishing and remarkable finest volume ever off is the magnificent new has specially planned week to every one of

Before you is the entirely new work—unique large-size vol glazed paper in whi up-to-date and awe-i world wonders ever

*Limited Ed*

A marvellous art produ produced by a costly and Presentation Edition of th 200,000 copies only. Up for the first 200,000 reader below. You must apply at

Compiled by many expert travellers and explorers and great work is now being produc to "John Bull" readers. No In the ordinary way it could n 25/-. Yet there is a copy quickly obtainable, if you f post them immediately so first 200,000 applications

*Over 1,000-Incre*

Here is a work that will panorama of the wondrous awe-inspiring marvels of Nat pictures, reproduced from a from the four corners of the sights and scenes beyond picted marvels that few ha monstrous, weird, myster

**HURRY!**

Name .....

Full Postal Address .....



# The most Amazing Book of Wonders ever compiled!

## JOHN BULL'S GREATEST PRESENTATION VOLUME

# FOR YOU!

**T**HE greatest single-volume Presentation yet! Another mighty publishing achievement! The most fascinating and remarkable work of its kind ever produced—the finest volume ever offered to readers of any journal—that is the magnificent new Presentation which "John Bull" has specially planned at enormous cost and offers this week to every one of its readers.

Before you is the opportunity to secure a marvellous, entirely new work—WONDERS OF THE WORLD—a unique large-size volume of over 760 pages of beautiful glazed paper in which is displayed the most complete, up-to-date and awe-inspiring collection of illustrations of world wonders ever assembled.

*Limited Edition of 200,000 copies only!*

A marvellous art production of such magnitude as this can only be produced by a costly and elaborate printing process, and this superb Presentation Edition of this great work is therefore strictly limited to 200,000 copies only. Up to 200,000 copies will be definitely reserved for the first 200,000 readers whose applications are received on the forms below. You must apply at once or it will be too late.

Compiled by many experts from the researches and discoveries of intrepid travellers and explorers and with a special introduction by Sir Philip Gibbs, this great work is now being produced for exclusive Presentation to "John Bull" readers. Nowhere else can it be obtained. In the ordinary way it could not be purchased for less than 25/-. Yet there is a copy FOR YOU, easily and quickly obtainable, if you fill in the forms below and post them immediately so that they are among the first 200,000 applications to be received.

*Over 1,000 Incredible Illustrations*

Here is a work that will amaze everyone by its vivid panorama of the wondrous creations of man and the awe-inspiring marvels of Nature. Over 1,000 astounding pictures, reproduced from actual photographs gathered from the four corners of the earth, are here to show you sights and scenes beyond imagination. Here are depicted marvels that few have seen or heard of—things monstrous, weird, mysterious, terrifying, grandiose,

almost indescribable. This gigantic work unfolds the most fascinating story of all time—the story of man's greatest achievements and of Nature's cataclysms, phenomena and freaks.

Parents especially must have this astounding work—not only for their own lifelong entertainment, but as a magic carpet that will transport their children into fairylands of knowledge.

*Marvellous 300,000 Word Story*

Far more fascinating than any novel is the gripping 300,000 word story, printed in large clear type, that runs through this great book. No atlas, dictionary or encyclopædia—no other book in the world, in fact—can give you the same comprehensive and fascinating information and the endless pleasure that this magnificent volume holds for you and your family.

*Magnificent Binding*

The most modern, skilled craftsmanship has been applied to the binding and general production of this work. The covers are bound in beautiful Blue Grained Cloth. The title is embossed in real gold leaf on the spine. On the front cover and on the spine are handsome embossed designs. The volume has a superb frontispiece in full colours. It contains specially designed end-papers. The actual size of the volume is 10½ ins. deep by 7½ wide, and it weighs over 3½ lb.

*Hurry! Not a moment to lose!*

Owing to the enormous interest and enthusiasm which will be aroused by this remarkable new Presentation Offer, and to the fact that the work is strictly limited to 200,000 copies only, "John Bull" urges readers to use the Application Forms below TO-DAY to avoid disappointment.

*How to Secure this Great Work*

First read the simple conditions on the opposite page then fill in and post at once Form "A" below together with the label to "John Bull."

On receipt of Form "A," together with label attached and bearing a half-penny stamp, "John Bull" will immediately post to you your Presentation Voucher.

It is a condition of this offer that if your newsagent has not already received from you a written order to deliver "John Bull" every week, you should hand Form "B" below to him at once.

## AN AMAZING FREE GIFT

Every applicant for the "Wonders of the World" is invited to obtain, in addition, an amazing Free Gift—worth at least half a guinea. Look in the sealed surprise packet that comes to you with your Voucher. Break the seal and the secret is yours!

**HURRY! LIMITED OFFER! USE FORMS BELOW TO-DAY!**

Halfpenny Stamp must be firmly affixed here by YOU.

Name .....

Full Postal Address .....

**A POST AT ONCE!**

Reservation Form

TO "John Bull," Dept. J.1, 3, Arne Street, Long Acres, London, W.C.2.

**N.B.**—You must complete label on left. Affix half-penny stamp firmly to space provided—send label, with this Reservation Form—give your name & full postal address.

**I WISH** to apply, in accordance with the conditions of your special offer, for a Presentation volume, the "Wonders of the World." Please send me by return a **SPECIAL VOUCHER** on which to qualify. My Newsagent (whose name and address is given below for verification purposes) holds a written order from me to deliver "John Bull" regularly each week.

Reader's Name ..... (State Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)

Address .....

Name of Newsagent .....

Address .....

Date .....

**IMPORTANT.**—The "Wonders of the World" cannot be reserved in your name unless you complete label on left as directed and send it in together with this Form A. You may send this Form together with label in an unsealed envelope bearing a half-penny stamp. Please do NOT enclose any cash or other correspondence. J.B., 8/7/33.

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Leave Blank Checked and Verified.

**IMPORTANT** If your Newsagent has NOT a written order from you for the regular delivery of "John Bull" you MUST hand him the Order Form below.

**B HAND THIS FORM TO YOUR NEWSAGENT**

**JOHN BULL**

TWO-PENCE WEEKLY

**ORDER FORM**

To Mr. .... (Newsagent)

Address .....

Please deliver or reserve "John Bull" for me weekly until further notice.

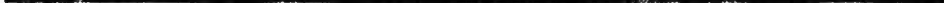
Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....



Here is a reproduction of one of the fascinating photographs that appear in the "Wonders of the World." It shows the Cheyeto Pagoda—the most curious object in Burma. The natives say that beneath the rock are relics of the great Gautama Buddha, and that at certain seasons the boulder floats in space, carrying the pagoda on its back.



## WONDERS OF THE WORLD

*"John Bull's" Stupendous New Presentation to Every Reader*

An entirely new large-size work of over 760 pages—more than 1,000 awe-inspiring photographs and a fascinating 300,000 word story—that is the astounding new Presentation which "John Bull" is offering to every one of its readers who ACTS AT ONCE AS DIRECTED INSIDE THIS SUPPLEMENT.

Below are descriptions of a few of the many hundreds of little known Wonders that are included in this unique Presentation work. It is a volume that brings to you, in your armchair, marvels of man and Nature almost beyond description—wonders you would never otherwise see. Apply for your copy to-day.

**TOMB OF EVE**—a reputed grand resting place of the mother of all living, 500 ft. long and 10 ft. wide.

**HEAVEN ON EARTH**—the world's most beautiful room constructed in white translucent marble inlaid with precious jewels.

**TOWER OF SILENCE**—erected for the disposal of the dead. Bodies are placed there naked to be devoured by vultures.

**PAGODA OF GOLD**—a wonder shrine of the East—covered with real gold from pinnacle to base, set with 4,600 rubies, diamonds and emeralds.

**CRABS BIGGER THAN MAN**—hidden away in the far-famed rocks of Enoshima lie giant crabs stretching 10 ft. from claw to claw.

**FATHER TIME'S QUEEREST RECORDER**—a monster hour glass, 500 years old, worked entirely by water.

**SEA OF SAND**—vast deserts, continually shifting, resembling a stormy sea.

**HALL OF THE DEAD**—Amazing picture of inside of Catacombs where the dead are interred standing upright in their clothes.

**HOME OF THE RAIN GOD**—grimmiest pool in the world.

**TREES OF STONE**—Over 10 square miles of the most amazing forest in the world.

**TREE HIGHER THAN ST. PAUL'S**—stupendous giant of the forest—nearly half as high again as St. Paul's, and as big round its base as a gasometer.

**SCOURGE OF THE DESERT**—a marvellous close-up photograph of one of Sahara's mighty sandstorms—sudden and terrifying—sweeping all before it.

**DAILY TIDAL WAVE**—an awe-inspiring photograph of a mighty tidal wave that roars up the Tien-Tang river every low tide, sometimes reaching a height of over 20 ft.

**MYSTERY TOMB OF THE PHILIPPINES**—An unbelievable burial place. It has been called "the vault of a myriad skulls."

**THE WALLS OF JERICHO**—mighty, mysterious ramparts of Biblical fame—as revealed by recent excavations.

**GOLDEN TONES OF THIBET**—made of pure gold studded with turquoises and precious stones; guarded by over 4,500 monks.

**MYSTERIOUS CANNIBAL TEMPLE**—A unique photograph of a diabolical place of sacrifice.

**This wonderful Presentation can be yours if you apply at once on the FORMS INSIDE**